TEACHING WITHOUT TEXTBOOKS

Edited by

FRANCES W. DANIELSON

JEANETTE E. PERKINS

2.10.32

Library of the Theological Seminary,

PRINCETON, N. J.

Purchased by the Mary Cheves Dulles Fund.

BV 1534 .D36 1930
Danielson, Frances Weld,
Teaching without textbooks

TEACHING WITHOUT TEXTBOOKS

TEACHING WITHOUT TEXTBOOKS

LIBRARY OF PRINCETON
FEB 11 1932
THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY

SOME EXPERIMENTS IN TEACHING RELIGION TO CHILDREN

EDITED BY
FRANCES WELD DANIELSON
AND
JEANETTE E. PERKINS

THE PILGRIM PRESS
BOSTON CHICAGO

COPYRIGHT 1930
SIDNEY A. WESTON

First Printing June, 1930
Second Printing November, 1930

PRINTED IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA
BY THE PLIMPTON PRESS · NORWOOD · MASS.

WATCHING OTHERS TEACH

The student of Religious Education today enters a teacher-training class with a thrill of expectancy. She has heard that education — all education — is changing; that the children, rather than the textbook, are now made the starting point for teaching. She has even heard that *The Textbook* is being discarded in favor of many texts, and that these are not now called lesson books, but " source books." Not one, but many sources are drawn upon to supplement the limited experience of pupils and teacher; not one, but many accounts of situations like their own may be referred to for interpretations and solutions. More than this, she has understood that all source material is not confined to the printed word, but that the children's own environment is a field for fruitful study. The police department, for instance, or a neighboring Jewish synagogue, a church garden, or a wandering turtle may be ranked in teaching value with any " lesson " in a published course of study.

The possibilities excite the student teacher while alarming her a little. So do the new terms which she hears bandied about. How does she know, for instance, that " following the children's lead " will not lead her into a jungle? What does a " life situation " look like; and how, if there is no lesson outline in her book on this problem, does one use the Bible, or the New Testament, or selected poetry to bear upon it? With these and many other questions in her mind, the modern teacher enrolls in her training class.

Now there are several kinds of training classes. In one a teacher is giving rules and a score of busy pencils are writing them down in notebooks. Then the notebooks are put on a shelf and the owners of the pencils are scattered over the city to struggle with real " life situations " which will bob

up in spite of the conscientiously prepared program for the day. It may be a program from a loudly sung textbook, and it may be so carefully prepared that every minute of the teaching period is filled to the brim with what ought to be a "good lesson," — but the "life situation" is there. The teacher sees it, wonders what she ought to do, remembers that this is called an "opportunity," wishes she had her notes to tell her how to seize it. She tries to teach her lesson; she is prepared for that. But she is conscious of not being prepared to teach the children. The feverishly jotted down notes are not recalled because their meaning never really entered into her consciousness, never became a part of her. The illustrations given in class were shadow pictures of shadow children, far removed from these before her, demanding immediate attention.

There is another type of training class where students, instead of being passive — and uncomprehending — recipients of golden ideas delivered wholesale by a lecturer, are lively participants in groups where actual teaching is being done. You may call them observers, for they may do no teaching that is evident; nevertheless, if they are observing intelligently, appreciatively, critically, they are taking mental notes of far more value than any in those bulging notebooks on the shelf. The student in such a class sees herself in the place of the teacher who is demonstrating; the children are *her* children; when the group finds itself in a "situation calling for adjustment," she finds herself there, too. She searches with the teacher for the answer to the problems involved, she feels the teacher's dissatisfaction or pleasure over the outcome. Her attitude toward like future episodes is changed or fixed accordingly, and her method of procedure with her own classes is certainly influenced if not determined. Through this vicarious teaching she has been learning principles and methods. They are hers now. They have become a part of her equipment.

In this book you will find teachers at work with groups

of live children. You are invited to "sit in" at their classes, to observe, if you will, and so become a student teacher of the second type. You will watch leaders deliberately providing experiences through which the children will gain practice in making right choices. You will note, as well, how others make use of situations arising naturally in class to accomplish the same results. You will see leaders breaking away from the limiting bounds of a single course of study to draw from any source available that which will add meaning to the experiences of the children and help them to grow in Christian living. Most important of all, you will see how the boys and girls that live in these pages are truly learning, in the threefold sense of gaining knowledge, changing attitudes and acquiring skills. The stories and records gathered here are of actual classes of real children, working their way into a fuller realization of the meaning of the kingdom of God and of their place in it. Nursery class children, Beginners, Primary and Junior groups are, in these records, led from commonplace beginnings to work and play cooperatively, to study purposefully, to share joyously and to worship sincerely.

THE EDITORS

CONTENTS

		PAGE
FOREWORD — Watching Others Teach		v
The Nursery Group		
A Little Child Shall Lead	*Jessie Eleanor Moore*	3
"Just Like Us"	*Jessie Eleanor Moore*	7
A Visiting Mother Initiated	*Jessie Eleanor Moore*	10
The Beginners' or Kindergarten Group		
Our Garden	*Frances Weld Danielson*	17
The Best Teacher	*Jessie Eleanor Moore*	21
"To Every Helper I Would Say, 'Thank You Very Much Today'"	*Jessie Eleanor Moore*	26
When Is a Motive Not a Motive?	*Jessie Eleanor Moore*	29
Main Road or By-Path?	*Jessie Eleanor Moore*	38
Expeditions	*Frances Weld Danielson*	43
Brothers All	*Jessie Eleanor Moore*	46
Hay and Windows (From a record of summer adventures with beginners)	*Wilhelmina Stooker*	53
A Green Necktie	*Frances Weld Danielson*	69
The Primary Group		
Italian Neighbors (A primary missionary project)	*Jeanette E. Perkins*	75
The Childhood of Jesus (An experiment with third-grade children)	*Adelaide Teague Case*	84
A Chinese Play	*Jeanette E. Perkins*	99
Composing Our Easter Song	*Florence A. Morrison*	116
Virginia and Vermont Friendship Enterprise	*Jeanette E. Perkins*	120

PAGE

African Project in a Vacation School as Worked Out in Eleven Weekday Sessions ..... *Ethel M. Baader* 127
Problems of Living in New York City
(A class experience in the lower elementary grades) ..... *Adelaide Teague Case* 151

The Junior Group
That Class of Boys ..... *Jean Gertrude Hutton* 171
A Junior Vacation School .... *Edna L. Acheson* 177
Encouraging the Children's Initiative 177
Afternoon Committee Meeting 179
The Mystery Hike 179
A Typical Session 181
Interpretative Teaching 182
Planning a Play 184
Making a Difficult Decision 185
Deciding on a Name 186
Play: The Talents 187
Working on the Play 190
Finishing Touches on the Play 193
Giving the Play 194
Encouraging Interest in Italians 194
A Visit to the Italian Mission 196
Prayers Composed After the Visit 197
A Turtle and Ethics 198
A Service of Worship 200
The Party for the Italians 202
An Observer Reports ..... *Charlotte Chambers Jones* 207
A Thanksgiving Service
(Based on the Hebrew Feast of the Ingathering) ..... *Edna L. Acheson* 213

THE NURSERY GROUP

A LITTLE CHILD SHALL LEAD

JESSIE ELEANOR MOORE

"A play period first?" said the Assistant Pastor, and his tone finished it off with an exclamation-point as well as a question-mark.

"Yes," answered the New Teacher, "I want to get something started with which to teach."

"How do you ever get them settled down to listen?" was the next question.

"You do not understand what play does for little children," answered the New Teacher. "We don't play Hide and Seek and Bull in the Ring during this period. Dramatic play, which is really living out life experiences in the imagination, is vital in religious teaching. It is simply what the children do in their own playrooms, but we make it more educational by discussing it and using the ideas thus gained in the teaching period which follows."

He looked unconvinced but whistled himself away to the church office. In his opinion the New Teacher would bear watching.

The New Teacher smiled as she surveyed the room. She could not hope for much of a play period today. There was almost nothing to play with. Paper and crayon, one doll and a few picture-books were all she had been able to gather for this first meeting of the class.

"Ideas never grow in a vacuum," she said to herself. "We shall have to have more materials shortly or my pet theory will never work."

The children came trooping in and were soon busy with the doll and the picture-books. Crayons were not

very popular. Those who took them to work with merely scribbled.

"We must get some sort of group interest going. This is Thanksgiving week. If we only had a doll's tea-table and dishes they would play at Thanksgiving dinner," the New Teacher thought.

That instant her eyes lighted upon Roger, who had possessed himself of the doll and was seated at one of the tables, holding the doll so that her hands rested upon the table. He was pretending to feed her and occasionally take a bite himself. The New Teacher's inspiration was born that moment. She produced a pair of scissors and quickly cut a circle from a piece of paper.

"Wouldn't you like a plate?" she asked, offering him the paper circle.

He solemnly received it and continued his play. Helen, who sat at a little distance with a picture-book, deserted it immediately and desired a plate too. Other children followed and soon the New Teacher and her scissors had all the business they could attend to, creating the necessities for a family dinner table. Meat platters, dinner plates and cups and saucers dropped from her fingers, while the children arranged and rearranged them on the table.

Then one of the children had an inspiration. It was Harry, who had spent the time since his arrival in drawing. Leaving his crayons he advanced and laid his hand on the New Teacher's knee.

"My mother's dishes," said he, in a tone of great superiority, "have flowers on them. If you'll give me one of those I'll show you."

He selected a large plate and sat down again with his crayons. In a very few minutes he presented a plate with a border of tiny red flowers and green leaves around it to the admiring audience that crowded around him. The idea took and all notions of setting the table were abandoned while the entire group bent itself to decoration.

The dishes decorated, the table was reset and at last every one was seated about it.

"What have we for dinner today?" asked the New Teacher.

"Pumpkin pie," promptly answered Edward, beginning to eat.

"Do we eat pumpkin pie first?" questioned the New Teacher.

"No, potatoes," began Dorothy, but Roger interrupted her. "No, first of all you say 'Thank you, heavenly Father.'"

Testimonies followed all around the table as to whether they did or did not have a family grace. Several of the children repeated forms which they knew and used.

"There is a picture in the room of two children saying 'Thank you' before they eat," said the New Teacher.

Instantly Doris was up from the table and standing before Jessie Willcox Smith's "Grace at Table." The others followed. How the conversation flowed! What things were those children naming in their prayer? What was in the pitcher? Were they saying "Thank you" for anything except things to eat? There was the blue sky showing through the window, the red geraniums, the bird in the cage. What shall we say "Thank you" for today?

The children stood about the picture in an informal group. No directions were given about folded hands and bowed head. The living children unconsciously imitated the children in the picture. A nod to the pianist brought a few soft chords and the New Teacher made the prayer, weaving in all the suggestions which had come out in the conversation. Softly she sang to them a thank-you song which they would learn to sing for themselves later,—

"We thank the heavenly Father,
We thank the heavenly Father,
We thank the heavenly Father,
Kind and good."

"It all came out of the play, just as it always does," thought the New Teacher as they seated themselves in the circle for the remainder of the teaching period. "I have been wondering for a week past how much these children knew about prayer and how best to introduce the subject."

The last overcoat had been buttoned, the last pair of tiny gloves fastened, the last hand-shake given at the door, the last good-bye called down the stairway, and silence reigned.

"Did you get any farther than play this afternoon?" asked a voice from the doorway.

"You should have been here," returned the New Teacher. "Sit down while I tell you about it," she added, nodding toward a diminutive chair, and the six feet of Assistant Pastor folded himself up and accepted.

"You don't look more than half converted now," said the New Teacher as she finished her story. "I confess that I had no notion of saying grace or of teaching prayer when I sat down to play tea-party with those paper dishes, even if I am supposed to be a teacher of religion. And happenings of this kind make me believe my first article of faith more firmly — 'In the religious education of little children *play first.*' You seemed to be so skeptical about this before the session that I refrained from giving expression to my second — 'In the religious education of little children *play and prayer come very close together* in point of time.'"

Questions for Discussion

1. What results can you see from beginning with free play that would not have come from an opening of conversation, story and song? Would the play without the teacher's interpretation have been educative?
2. How important does the exercise of initiative seem to you?
3. Do you find a good reason for the children's ready confidences about home prayers?
4. What knowledge was gained in this session?
5. Would anything in these class experiences tend to make God more real to the children at home?

"JUST LIKE US"

JESSIE ELEANOR MOORE

It was one of those days when the children are full of wriggles. Henry tried to stand on his head without rising from the seat of his chair. Lee bumped one leg of his chair in rhythmic time. Paul tried to sit on his backwards, with his feet hanging over the back. Result — a crash and tears. Grace untied her shoe-strings and played with them. Ethel played peek-a-boo with her handkerchief. And all of these activities were going on at precisely the same moment. To the teacher her little flock seemed like a mass of undifferentiated arms and legs.

"Come, let's play!" said she. It was strange, but even with all the theory she knew about activity being necessary to the formation of ideas and attitudes, she gave this invitation most often when forced to it by inattention and wriggling muscles.

She stepped outside the circle of chairs and held out her hands invitingly. The children came and formed a ring. The new story for the day was on gentleness in play, but she had not dreamed of playing the game which occurs in the story when she made her program.

"Ring-a-round-a-rosy," the teacher sang and the circle moved around. "Pocket full of posy, Shoo!" and they all tumbled on the floor. Up they came, eyes dancing with delight and the plea to "Do it again!"

Again and again they played. Was it quite right to play ring-a-round-a-rosy in the church on Sunday? At least they were attentive now and doing something together.

"This will be the last time," said the teacher, "because I have a story to tell you about it." And so the story began with the children all eagerness.

" Once Ted had a birthday party. He was four years old. And because he was four years old, there were just four children at his party. There were Ted and Fred and Fay and May. Ted was just four years old. Fred was almost four years old. Fay was just three. May was three and a half. Ted said, ' Fay, what shall we play? ' Fay said, ' Ring-a-round-a-rosy.' "

" Just like us! " said the children, listening to the story, and the teacher went on.

" So they took hold of hands and danced round and round and sang —

" ' Ring-a-round-a-rosy,
Pocket full of posy,
Shoo! ' "

" Just like us! " chorused the listening children.

" And they all fell down. Fred pulled little Fay down, *bang!* Little Fay began to cry. Ted pulled May down, *bang*. Little May began to cry.

" We didn't," said the children. " Nobody cried."

The story continued. " Ted's mother said, ' Careful! Big boys must be gentle with little girls.' So they all stood up and took hold of hands and danced 'round and 'round again and sang —

" ' Ring-a-round-a-rosy,
Pocket full of posy,
Shoo! ' "

" Just like us! " from the listening children again.

" Then they all fell down," the story went on. " But Ted pulled very gently and Fred pulled very gently, so Fay did not cry; she laughed. And May did not cry; she laughed."

" Just like us! " said the children. " Nobody pulled. Nobody cried."

" Ted's mother said, ' Good! That's the way to play.' They stood up and played ring-a-round-a-rosy again. Then

they played it again. They kept playing it over and over and over again. After the first time Ted and Fred were always gentle with little Fay and May. They did not cry when they said 'Shoo!' and fell down; they laughed."

"Just like us!" from the listening children again. "Nobody pulled. Nobody cried."

On went the story and at every reference to gentleness or to the laughter of the children in the story the Greek chorus, sitting close to the teacher's knees, responded, "Just like us! Nobody pulled. Nobody cried."

"And Ted's mother said, 'I'm glad I have a little boy who is gentle at play with little girls.'" So the story ended.

"Just like us!" came from the chorus.

"Never again will I tell that story without using the play," said the teacher when she had finished.

And she is right, for a story controls subsequent action only in so far as the listener puts himself in the place of a character in the story and imagines himself acting in the same ideal way.

Questions for Discussion

1. What, if any, are the advantages of an immediate experience, like that of these children's play?

2. Might an adjoining department at worship make playing ring-a-round-a-rosy unadvisable? In such a case how could wriggling be overcome?

3. Does it indicate that children do not connect a story with their daily life if they do not respond in words, such as "Just like us?"

4. What are the relative values in "playing the story" or the game after the story, and playing before?

A VISITING MOTHER INITIATED

JESSIE ELEANOR MOORE

Friends and fellow sufferers, do the mothers come in large numbers and sit around the room and act as if they held season tickets to an entertainment course? Of course they are interested in their adored offsprings' first venture into the wide world and we want them to be. Only so can we win their friendship and cooperation in the task of Christian training. But do some of them whisper among themselves or smile audibly at the quaint remarks of the children? There are only two remedies for this. The first is excommunication, which most of us are not bold enough to employ. The second is to make them part of the group. Read how one teacher triumphed and take courage!

"Come!" said the teacher to her babies, as they were about to take up the subject of politeness to guests, "let's make a house of chairs."

The children pulled the chairs into a rather wobbly looking circle. "Who wants to live in this house?" she continued.

Helen did and climbed over and sat down inside.

"Now we will go and ring Helen's door-bell. Let's see what she will do when she has company," the teacher went on.

Muriel went first. *Ting-a-ling!* sounded the imaginary door-bell. (Whispered comments from the mothers. Had they never heard their children ring imaginary door-bells before? or had they no memories of their own childhood?)

"Come in!" called Helen, without rising.

Muriel entered, climbing over the chairs.

" Sit down! " said Helen.

Muriel complied, poking her finger in her mouth. The play was at a standstill.

Another visitor was chosen. " Come in! " called Helen. " Sit down! " and the two children sat and looked at each other. No further action seemed to be forthcoming.

" My daughter is not very cordial," whispered Mrs. W. to Mrs. K., quite loud enough to be heard. Then there was another comment behind hands and a laugh.

A new hostess was chosen and a new visitor. The stock phrases were repeated and the children lapsed into silence. Mrs. H. and Mrs. D. entered into an extended conversation, whispering and nodding toward their children.

Quite disheartened, the teacher made one more attempt, choosing another new hostess and several visitors. The results were no better. " Entertaining company must be more of a joy than this or the story on politeness will have little effect," she said to herself.

" Now, my Roger," said Mrs. K., quite aloud, " will act that all out by himself when alone."

A sudden inspiration seized the teacher. Perhaps it was not an inspiration at all but merely habit, for she often treated an inattentive child in the same way.

" Everybody come out of the house," said she, straightening the chairs and moving one aside to make a doorway. " Some one else is going to live in here now. You will never guess. It's going to be Mrs. K.'s house."

Mrs. K., like a true child on such an occasion, broke off her sentence in the middle and turned toward the teacher, who said, " Will you live in this house and let us come to see you? "

Mrs. K. flushed, rose and moved over to the chair house. Involuntarily she reached up to her hat. " If I am in the house I had better take this off," she said, and at the same time she laid aside her gloves and her bead bag. Then she seated herself in the house.

The mothers were all attention now. This was a new departure. Each one was a bit thankful that she had not been called on. It would be difficult to play with children before an audience. Muriel rang the imaginary door-bell.

"Why, how do you do, Mrs. Jones?" said Mrs. K. "I am so glad to see you. Do come in. Let me take your hat and coat."

Mrs. K. was fast forgetting herself in the play. Muriel, melting before this warmth and cordiality, went through the motions of removing hat and coat.

"Do sit down. It's so warm today. Would you like a drink of water? Here is a fan."

The children were all eager now. "Please, may I ring the door-bell?" came from all sides.

Another visitor approached, was received with the same cordiality and introduced to the first visitor.

"How is the baby?" continued Mrs. K., and the second visitor found her tongue and told a tale of croup in perfect imitation of her own mother. And not a mother smiled. They were too interested.

Other visitors arrived, were greeted with the same politeness and introduced. Then Mrs. K. served tea, going through all the motions with elaborate care and complete forgetfulness of self.

When the play was over and the children were gathered close to the teacher's knee for the story of Uncle Horace's visit, the comments came:

"Mrs. K. wanted her company to have a good time."

"They all liked it at Mrs. K.'s house because she was polite."

"They never said 'thank you' when they went away. Shouldn't you always say 'thank you,' Miss M.?"

They had arrived at the desired generalization and were ready for the story.

As for the mothers — they were quiet on that Sunday and their behavior continued to improve. They developed an

understanding of the teacher's problem, and they discovered a method of teaching which could be used every day in the home.

Questions for Discussion

1. What would have been the losses to mothers, children and teacher, had " excommunication " been the method instead of co-operation?

2. If the visiting mother had balked at the invitation to enter into the play or been unequal to it, what could have been done?

3. Does the vitalizing of the children's play where the mother joined in it have any bearing upon a teacher's part in play?

4. How might the arrangement of the mothers' chairs in rows, or scattered about among the children, affect their attitude of co-operation?

5. How could this incident have been followed up so as to make permanent the cooperative attitude?

THE BEGINNERS' OR KINDERGARTEN GROUP

OUR GARDEN

FRANCES WELD DANIELSON

It began when our village stores flaunted bright envelopes of flower seeds. Not only our florists, but our grocers and our hardware merchants display these prophecies of our village gardens. I think it was these little envelopes that started it. Or it may have been the yard back of my beginners' window, so sadly in need of brightening. Or it may have been my weekday beginners' group — so very active that spading and hoeing and raking would be welcome.

Anyway, it did start. A man spaded up a long, narrow space. I went from store to store buying the gaudiest little envelopes on sale. I also purchased five sets of small hoes, rakes and shovels. There were more than five children, to be sure, but I argued that one could not hoe, shovel and rake at the same time. And I added two blue watering pots. The reason for having but two was financial. Then I paid a boy to deliver a bag of bone dressing at our church.

The children's first task was that of pulverizing the soil. The sets of shovels, rakes and hoes came in here, and I at once perceived my cleverness as an educator in providing only five sets. For the shovels were very unpopular, the hoes only moderately so, and every child wanted a rake. Thus we had to Give Up and Take Turns.

Never was garden soil so conscientiously prepared. Taking away the stones was fun, and Perseverance was encouraged when one boy discovered a deeply embedded rock and worked away valiantly. We all helped, but it took a passing milkman's muscle to dislodge it. Fertilized, soft and ready, we left our garden sunning itself and went in to make our plan.

Brown paper the shape of our garden was fastened to a table, and we each chose a gay little envelope and drew with colored crayons the flowers we would plant another week. How soon a crayon garden blossoms!

The planting was done gleefully and individually. Each child selected a spot for " my seeds." In watering with our two watering pots we exercised the virtues of Patience and Unselfishness and Carefulness and Fairness.

When weeding time came Self-control was needed, for no child could pull a weed till it had been identified by a grown person. Responsibility sat heavily upon one of our members whose yard adjoined the church, and who waged war on dogs and molesting boys.

There was Worship around our garden. We recognized the Source of sun and rain, and got a sense of working with the Creator. The first blossom brought wonder and delight. The weekly bouquet and, during vacation school, the daily nosegays were picked amid songs of praise. We also sang:

" Flowers tell a story,
Tell of dancing sunbeams,
Flowers tell a story,
Tell of gentle-fingered rain, —
Oh, listen now and you can hear it." [1]

Then we listened and told the stories we heard — of rain drinks and of the warming sun.

" Mine says, ' I'm glad you picked me,' " one child said quaintly.

" Mine say they're glad they are going to Paul," another one remarked.

A frequent garden thought was of Jesus, who, as our song told us, " loved the little growing flowers." We liked telling which ones we thought he would have loved best. We wondered if he, too, picked flowers for other people.

[1] From *Song and Play for Children.*

For the big lesson of our garden was Thought of Others. The flowers were gathered to give away and the teacher's part was to use her utmost ingenuity to devise delightful ways of doing this.

We arranged them in cornucopias for our mothers. We made buttonhole bouquets for the primary department and surprised them in the hall as they marched out by pinning them on. We picked a vaseful for each department and presented them. We filled twelve small glasses and set them in a box divided into compartments, for an ill child. Our minister once bore to the parsonage a huge bouquet. Tiny bunches were taken home in glass jars to be pinned upon the tradesmen who came to our doors. A child guest was crowned with a wreath of flowers.

Even a sense of Property Rights came unexpectedly through our garden, when Junior, impatient of nature's slow processes, while our plants were seedlings, broke off a fleur-de-lis from a neighbor's garden and brought it to me. We all went to the neighbor and returned the flower, to be put in her vase, and explained that we hadn't understood that we must pick flowers only from our own garden.

It was not until Thanksgiving that the frost laid low the last blossoms, but the worn rakes and less worn hoes and the very little worn shovels are packed carefully away with the two blue watering pots, till the teasing gay envelopes shall again call out from our village store windows, " Come, you who would be religious educators, come, make a garden! "

Questions for Discussion

1. The idea of gardening was the teacher's. What makes a project one's own? Did this ever become the children's project? Would it have had added value for the group if it had been initiated by a child?

2. What elements in the enterprise made it religious rather

than secular education? In your opinion would there have been a loss without these elements?

3. Besides those mentioned, do any other desirable results from gardening occur to you?

4. Can you suggest any substitute where outdoor gardening is impossible?

THE BEST TEACHER

JESSIE ELEANOR MOORE

"Experience is the best teacher," we laughingly remark when some event in our own everyday life has forced a truth upon us in a new light. But when we cross the doorsill of the room where we teach religion once or twice a week, we straightway forget it and are filled with a sense of our own importance. Our program and our course of lessons and our story and the words we speak become the significant things. We do take ourselves so seriously! And we overlook the teaching values in the experiences which may come to our children just because they are part of that institution — the Church.

The beginners' teacher opened the year with a burning desire to teach one truth above all others; namely, that gratitude to God finds its finest expression in sharing. Thanksgiving would be the first opportunity. Christmas would be another. Farther than that she did not think.

"It is not enough to say Thank you," she said to her flock one Sunday late in November, after conversation had flowed for some time on the subject of the Father's blessings. "We must *do* something to say Thank you. We must give some one else a happy day, so he will want to say Thank you, too." Thereupon followed a description of some needy families and the plans which other classes were making for their Thanksgiving.

"We could bring something for them," said Zona Maie, always the spokesman for the group.

Then they busied themselves cutting out pictures of all kinds of attractive food from the advertising pages of magazines and pasting them on large papers bearing the

legend, " Things I will bring to make somebody happy on Thanksgiving." These went home as reminders, and the gifts were generous. Thanksgiving Sunday was a happy one with the joys of unwrapping queerly shaped packages, after trying to guess their contents, and the presentation of these real gifts in the church with other classes.

The letters of thanks from the recipients were prompt and all that could be desired. The children burst out spontaneously with the oft-repeated jingle of the Thanksgiving story as the letters were read:

" On Thanksgiving Day, on Thanksgiving Day,
If you want a good time, then give something away." [1]

So ended the first lesson on showing gratitude by sharing. The same idea prompted the Christmas gifts, but again it was voiced by the teacher. " The way to say Thank you for our happy Christmas is to make a happy day for some one else," she kept reminding them as they made gifts for their mothers and saved their money to buy a doll for a neighboring day nursery. That they had really given happiness on this occasion was evident; for the recipients of the doll were guests at the party, and the givers had the joy of watching them unwrap the package.

" I guess they didn't want to do anything when they got home but play with their new doll," was George's comment a week later when they were reviewing events.

So ended the second lesson on showing gratitude by sharing.

As the weeks rolled on the subject was pushed more or less into the background by other interests. They fed the winter birds in the park and began saving their money to buy the flowers for the church some Sunday morning. They listened to stories of family life, played house and discussed such problems as helping, obedience and cheerfulness.

[1] " A Good Thanksgiving," *The Story-Teller's Book,* O'Grady and Throop. Published by Rand McNally Company.

One Sunday morning as the teacher entered the room she discovered on the children's low table a vase of treasures from the winter woods — evergreens, rhododendron leaves and tiny pussy willows, just beginning to show their gray coats. The accompanying note explained that they were a gift to the children from the pastor, just returning from his winter vacation. The arrival of the children was dotted with exclamations of delight, but the teacher refused to answer questions until they were seated in the circle.

"When I came in this morning I had a surprise," she began.

"I did, too," called Robert. "It was these," he added, running over to the table to dip his nose in among the evergreens. Then he brought the vase and set it on the floor in the center of the circle.

"Where do you suppose they came from?" the teacher asked.

"From the woods," cried several children at once.

"Well, Mr. B. has been to the woods," she went on.

"He brang them to us! He brang them to us!" came like a chorus from the children, throwing their habits of correct English to the winds in the excitement of the moment.

"He didn't forget us while he was away," was Zona Maie's quiet comment.

The note that came with the treasures was read, a note of thanks dictated by the children, and the teacher turned toward her program for the day; but not so the children!

"I feel like singing 'Every morning seems to say,'" said Muriel, rising from her place to stroke the pussy willows with her fingers.

"Every morning seems to say,
There's something happy on the way,
And God sends love to you," [2]

[2] By Henry van Dyke. Used by permission of Charles Scribner's Sons

sang the children, while one after another they gathered around the vase of woodsy things.

"What shall we say to the heavenly Father this morning?" asked the teacher, joining them.

"Thank you for the things from the woods," said George.

"Thank you for making Mr. B. think about bringing them to us," added Flody.

"Truly 'out of the mouths of babes,'" said the teacher to herself, as she framed the simple prayer. "That all worthy human actions have their origin in God is a bit of philosophy that many grown-ups don't fathom." Then she returned to her program for the day, but the children were not through with this experience, as she was to discover a week later.

"This is the church and this is the steeple," she began, by way of an introduction, just to catch attention, as her flock had been a bit wriggly during the opening music.

"I am glad for our church," commented Robert, after they had built finger churches with people and without people three times over.

"Here is a remark to be capitalized," was the mental comment of the teacher, so, thrusting aside her program for the day, she grasped the bank and shook it. There was a jingle of coins. "We are glad for our church so we are going to buy —" she began aloud.

"Flowers to make it pretty when all the people come on Sunday morning," finished the children.

"That's the way to say Thank you. Do something!" said George.

"Mr. B. was glad he was in the woods, so he brought us these," said Zona Maie, running over to the low table to touch the vase of green things.

"When you have a good time give something away," chanted Flody, in a singsong voice, the same being a slight revision of the jingle from the Thanksgiving story. "Tell us about Old Gentleman Gay on Thanksgiving Day," she

added. "You never did tell us that for a long time." And this was whole-heartedly seconded by the group.

Thus ended the third lesson on showing gratitude by sharing. The wise teacher never lets her daily program get in the way of her vision into the future. Neither will she be overconfident as to the efficacy of such a program, for many times a by-path leads to the main road, and often the gateway is opened by other hands than her own.

Questions for Discussion

1. Is it probable that in any group to which are presented others' plans for helpfulness, some child will suggest their doing likewise? If no child makes the suggestion, should the teacher?
2. In establishing an attitude of service, how important is it that pleasure shall be connected with work for others?
3. Do you believe that the spirit of sharing is helped by experiences of receiving as well as of giving? Give your reasons.
4. These children expressed in words the truth that experience had driven home. Suppose no quotable words had been said, but a suggestion of sharing been made by a child — would this have been as valuable? Why?
5. When can a teacher say that a truth is completely taught, so that its consideration need never again come into the program?

"TO EVERY HELPER I WOULD SAY, 'THANK YOU VERY MUCH TODAY'"

Jessie Eleanor Moore

Over and over again the little song was sung as the children talked about the pictures. Here was a family seated at the breakfast table, and near by a facsimile of a milk wagon with the milkman standing at the step. Below, a heavily laden postman stood at a doorway. In another picture, a mother stood at the grocery counter while a grocer packed her basket. In another, a tiny boy sat on a stool watching a shoemaker work. Conversation flowed freely. The circle talk was going well. There was but one disturbing element — a hissing steam valve.

The children were apparently oblivious to the noise which was putting the teacher's nerves on edge, so they proceeded to the play. William, with David for his horse, journeyed around the circle and delivered an imaginary bottle of milk at every chair while its occupant slept. After the children had acted out the breakfast hour in pantomime, the small milkman returned to collect empty bottles and to get his money. If he did not receive a hearty Thank you at every stopping place, the circle was most critical. Then Mary, with the teacher's brief case and a handful of opened envelopes from the scrap basket, came to deliver letters at every doorway. Genevieve next, with David, who seemed always to get in the rôle of horse, came with fresh vegetables for sale. And still — that steam valve hissed! The teacher scowled in that direction, and the pianist went in search of the janitor.

Next they turned to telling the same story at the blackboard. David drew a house at the teacher's request, and

then she announced that any one might be a helper and bring something to the family that lived therein. Marie made a huge bottle of milk, as large as the house. Agnes drew an assortment of tiny circles and squares which she deciphered as a loaf of bread, a dozen rolls and two cookies for the children. Baby Alice made a queer smudge, probably with no intent but to imitate the activity of the others, but the children promptly named it a letter left by the postman. Meanwhile — that steam valve still hissed. Once again they sang,

"To every helper I would say,
'Thank you very much today'"

and then they folded their hands for a prayer.

At that moment the janitor walked in. All the little bowed heads bobbed up and every pair of eyes followed him across the room to the radiator. How tiresome! The whole circle talk had been gradually moving to the climax of that prayer. The teacher settled back in her chair in a hopeless fashion. The work of a whole hour was about to be dissipated. Marie turned her chair around to get a better view. David and William left theirs and advanced toward the scene of action. Every child watched intently as the janitor took out his wrench and adjusted the valve. Gradually the hissing grew less and less until it stopped.

Marie rose from her chair. "He's a helper," said she. "Don't you think we ought to say Thank you?" Without waiting she ran over to him. "Thank you, Mr. B. You know how to fix everything, don't you?"

By that time all the children were out of their seats, echoing her words and following him to the door. The teacher joined the ranks and they stood in a little group at the doorway and sang, —

"To every helper I would say,
'Thank you very much today.'"

" I almost missed it," thought the teacher as they returned to their chairs. " My first impulse was to ask him to wait until after the prayer."

Questions for Discussion

1. How do you think such a session would affect the children's attitudes toward workers in everyday life?
2. Do you believe the early part of this program had anything to do with Marie's impulse to thank the janitor?
3. Suppose the teacher had discussed with the children the annoyance of the hissing valve, and they had all gone to get the janitor — would the result have been better?
4. Mention other so-called " interruptions " which might prove as desirable as the entrance of the janitor.
5. Suppose the steam valve had hissed when the program had nothing to do with helpers; must the janitor's work have then been distinctly an interference?

WHEN IS A MOTIVE NOT A MOTIVE?

JESSIE ELEANOR MOORE

"We shall have to do something to gain the children's interest," said the Committee Chairman, as plans were completed for the pupils of the church school to have a share in the project of redecorating the building. "We'll have a contest to see which department can bring the most money. Perhaps an aeroplane race will do. We'll put the poster up in the lower hall."

"And our children will never see it down there," remarked the Very New and Very Young Assistant in the Beginners' Department.

"For which we shall be duly grateful," whispered the Beginners' Teacher Who Was Always Theorizing.

At this remark the Very New and Very Young Assistant opened her eyes wide, like a curious child, while her lips formed a single monosyllable, "Why?"

"Because it is not good pedagogy to introduce extraneous motives to *make* activities interesting," answered the Teacher Who Was Always Theorizing. "In other words, don't sugar-coat your teaching. But don't take my word for it. Watch and see."

The following weekday session saw the launching of the redecorating project among the babies of the church, with the Very New and Very Young Assistant watching.

With no word about contest or aeroplanes and no allusion to the poster in the lower hall, the Teacher Who Was Always Theorizing began: "The big people say there are things in this building that don't look nice any more. There are worn-out things and dirty things. What do you think of it?"

Edwin, seeming to feel himself challenged at this remark, rose, and thrusting his hands into diminutive pockets, strutted across the room with all the importance of the President of the Board of Trustees. "There's a big crack up there," he announced, with a wave of his hand toward the ceiling.

"I see some dirt on the wall," added Robert, jumping up from his chair to take part in the survey. "Right here! Under the window!"

"How could we fix this wall?" asked the Teacher Who Was Always Theorizing.

"Get some paint and put on it," answered George.

"Let's walk around and see what else needs fixing besides the walls in our room," suggested the Teacher Who Was Always Theorizing.

Never was a building more carefully or critically looked over. Through halls and in and out rooms and up and down stairways they trooped, pointing out cracks and dirty walls with great enthusiasm. They finally arrived at the door of the church auditorium.

"I see where it's dirty in here," called Martha, tripping ahead of the others down the side aisle and reaching up to point to the wall over the radiator.

"Look up high," said Edwin. "There's a big spot up there," and all the little heads were thrown back, while eighteen pairs of eyes surveyed the ceiling.

"This ought to be gold, not black," remarked Bernice, pausing before another radiator.

By this time they had arrived at the pulpit steps. "What do you think of the carpet?" asked the Teacher Who Was Always Theorizing. "Does that look all right?"

"I see some places where the green is worn off," announced Marion, beginning to crawl up the steps on her hands and knees. Immediately all the children fell to crawling about after the same manner, eagerly pointing out worn places.

"Where can we get a new carpet?" asked the Teacher Who Was Always Theorizing, as she seated herself on the steps. The children crowded about and sat down on the steps too.

"At the store," they answered promptly.

"Can we just go to the store and say, 'Please give us a new carpet,' and walk out with it?" asked the teacher again.

"No, we shall have to give the man some money," came the answer.

"What about the walls?" the conversation continued. "How can we get those fixed?"

"Buy some paint at the paint store," answered visionary Herbert.

"Paint in a can won't do the walls any good," returned the teacher.

"We must get a ladder and climb up and put it on with a brush," determined Edwin.

"I don't believe I could. I don't know how," the teacher began.

"My Uncle Billie is a painter," said Samuel. "He would do it for us."

"That's the way they did it at our house," said Bernice. "A painter came."

"If the painter comes with his ladder and his brush and works all day, what shall we have to give him?" asked the teacher.

"Money!" promptly came in a chorus from eighteen voices.

"On Sunday the big people gave some money for the new carpet and the paint," continued the teacher.

"I have a nickel in my bank," volunteered Robert. "I'll bring it."

"How would you like to have a little barrel to take home to save money in? When the barrel is full you may bring it for the carpet and the paint," suggested the teacher. This

was received with great enthusiasm. For a moment every one talked at once, reporting on his or her financial status.

"Our dear church was builded,"

the teacher began to sing, and statements of bank accounts gave place to song as the children continued —

"Long ago with prayer,
So that all the neighbors
Might find welcome there."

"Let's talk to the heavenly Father about the new paint and the new carpet," the teacher went on. Down went the heads and the little voices repeated the prayer, phrase by phrase: "Our heavenly Father, we love our church. We want it to be clean and pretty. May we remember to save our money for the new carpet and the new paint —" Bernice's voice interrupted, "And don't forget to say 'gold paint for the radiator.'" "And gold paint for the radiator," gravely added the teacher, and all the little voices repeated it and lisped the "Amen."

They lifted their heads. "What color do you suppose it will be?" asked Marion softly, with her eyes fastened on a distant window.

"What?" asked the teacher, who was already thinking of the story period which was to come next.

"Why, the new carpet," answered Marion.

"Well," said the teacher, "there are a great many people in this church. Each one will have to say what color he likes best and then it will be the color that most everybody wants."

"I hope it will be red," said Marion, rising from the steps slowly. "I like red."

"They don't seem to need anything to *make* giving interesting," said the Very New and Very Young Assistant as they returned to the beginners' room.

"Nothing but a sense of ownership in the institution and a chance to share in its responsibilities, but wait and see," returned the Teacher Who Was Always Theorizing.

Sunday came — with it several barrels half filled with money. Muriel came too. She had not been there on Wednesday. "We talked about all this on Wednesday," said George in an explanatory fashion, as the barrels were being emptied on the floor in the center of the circle and Muriel watched. "We have to buy a new carpet at the carpet store and new paint at the paint store. See the big crack up there," he finished, with a wave of his hand.

"May we go down in the church and show Muriel where the carpet needs to be new?" asked Robert. They started and the defects of the church auditorium were pointed out, much as they had been on the previous visit, for the benefit of Muriel, only this time the teacher said little.

They sat down on the pulpit steps to discuss it as before. While they sat there the senior elder appeared in the back of the church, and the Teacher Who Was Always Theorizing motioned him down the aisle.

"You can't guess what we are sitting here talking about?" she asked as he came within hearing distance.

"I don't think I can," Mr. D. answered, smiling down on the children.

"About the new carpet and the new paint," cried several children together.

"Well," said Mr. D., "everybody must talk about that and help if we are going to have it."

"I think maybe it will cost a hundred dollars," observed Herbert, in his deliberate fashion.

"I guess it will. I guess it will," returned Mr. D., with a curious expression on his face. He was not quite used to having the babies so concerned with church business.

"I think it will cost a thousand dollars," said Samuel, in a superior tone.

"Now that's nearer right," answered Mr. D., as he disappeared into the robing room.

"My story today is about some people who wanted a church," said the Teacher Who Was Always Theorizing, as Mr. D. closed the door. "Shall we go back to our room and have it now?"

They returned to listen to the story of the building of the tabernacle in the wilderness. Out of almost nothing did these loving people build their church, for Moses said: "Let every one who is willing bring a gift. Bring the most beautiful things you have."

The children crowded about to look at the picture. "Why, there's a little girl bringing something," said George.

"And there's a lady taking off her bracelet," added Edwin.

"Well, we are little girls and boys and we are going to help to make our church new," was Zona Maie's comment.

Once more they sang,

"Our dear church was builded,
Long ago with prayer,
So that all the neighbors
Might find welcome there."

"I guess everybody who walks by *will* want to come in when our church gets to be so pretty," said Flody, as they finished singing.

Then the teacher's voice led them as they talked to the heavenly Father: "Our dear heavenly Father, this is our church. It belongs to us and we love it. Help us to bring our gifts to make it new and pretty. Amen."

The children had gone and the room was quiet. The Very New and Very Young Assistant sat sorting papers when the Teacher Who Was Always Theorizing laid a note on the table before her. It was from the Committee Chairman. "You may be interested to know the amount of

your contributions toward the redecorating to date — $9.87. Your class is doing very well."

"And they know nothing about the contest," said the Very New and Very Young Assistant.

The weeks went by. Every session brought a goodly number of barrels which must be opened in the presence of all, and the coins laid out on the floor in the center of the circle while attempts were made to count the money. While these attempts were far from accurate, they proved to be highly interesting to the children.

One Wednesday when they were sitting in the circle the door opened and Herbert walked in. He was late but bursting with a piece of news. "Say, didn't you see them? They are painting downstairs. It's the paint we bought with our money, isn't it?"

The Teacher Who Was Always Theorizing had noted the fact that the painting had begun but had refrained from announcing it, hoping that some child would see it first. Downstairs they trooped and out of doors, led by Herbert. Sure enough, there was a painter high up on a stepladder, painting window frames. The children watched with absorbed interest for some minutes.

During the next few weeks all the outside painting was finished and the less frequented halls and stairways, so that the children had a fresh interest in the progress of the work at every session. Every time the group met, the inspection of the building was a part of the regular program. Then summer vacation began. One after another the children left the city and the building was closed for the biggest part of the work — church auditorium and class rooms. A letter from Edwin to the Teacher Who was Always Theorizing, dictated to his mother who acted as secretary, showed that the project would have been still carried in the hearts and minds of the children, had others of them been lucky enough to live next door to the church and to stay at home all summer like Edwin.

"The painters come every day, and you ought to see how pretty and new it's getting inside," was the small lad's comment.

Then came the opening Sunday. Children with tanned and rosy faces trooped back into the familiar room. How good it was to be there again! Their own room was a delight. "Isn't it pretty? Yellow like the sunshine!" said Robert.

But the inspection of the church auditorium was the crowning event of the day. "Oh, isn't the carpet soft!" said Marion, as they moved slowly up the aisle. Two or three times they must stop and stoop down to pat it with their fingers. Heads were thrown back to survey the ceiling and the new lights.

"Can't we sing about our church?" asked Robert, as they stood below the pulpit with their eyes fastened on the new bookmark with its golden cross. Once more they sang —

"Our dear church was builded,
Long ago with prayer,
So that all the neighbors
Might find welcome there."

A door opened and closed. Several people entered and stood at the rear of the church. "Look!" said Robert. "They *are* all coming in because our church looks so pretty and so new."

The group had returned to the front hall and were passing up the stairway. "What has an aeroplane race got to do with the project of making our church beautiful?" asked the Very New and Very Young Assistant, with a sidelong glance at the wall where the poster had hung. The space was filled now by a new cork bulletin board.

"That's what I have been wondering all these weeks," returned the Teacher Who Was Always Theorizing. "Mo-

tives lie within the activity, and to introduce extraneous ones is about as sensible as tying an apple to a tree."

Questions for Discussion

1. What are the bad effects of a contest? Would comparison of the amounts in the barrels be similar in effect, or probable, if the emphasis were placed on the sum total?
2. Of what use were repeated trips of investigation of the building's condition?
3. Do you see any advantage of children's paying for a certain part of the work, such as painting one door, over the method described here?
4. How important do you find the connection of the renovating of the church with the purpose of the church, as expressed in the use of the song?

MAIN ROAD OR BY-PATH?

JESSIE ELEANOR MOORE

Of course the teacher had a " Blue Book " which outlined for herself and for her flock the direction of travel toward the Kingdom of God and the City of Brotherly Love. That same " Blue Book " had been approved by the heads of the Church at Large and the Church Local as a safe and practical guide. At this particular season, they were traversing that part of the road indicated by the theme, " God's Gift of the Wind, Sun and Rain." On the Sunday previous they had focused their attention on the subject of " The Wind a Helper," and the present Sunday was to find them busy with " The Sun a Helper."

It was glorious springtime, and so many of the children had come into the room with their hands full of flower treasures that all the vases and bowls which the class owned had been pressed into service. They had bubbled over with reports of picking flowers in the fields and of growing gardens at home. And (little children are so accommodating!) they had acquiesced at every turn as the teacher proceeded to relate all these experiences to the theme of the day. All moved steadily forward to the climax of a prayer of thanks.

" Amen," lisped every pair of lips obediently, and every pair of eyes popped open, to behold, standing in the doorway, a shaggy brown dog. He stood there regarding the circle of children with an expression of mingled curiosity and interest very like those they bestowed on him.

" Oh, a doggie! " breathed Elizabeth, in a tone similar to that in which she had whispered her reverent " Amen."

" Hello! " called Herbert in noisy fashion.

"Whose brown doggie are you?" queried Martin.

Baby Lucy was too much of a baby to claim ownership in speech, but the shaggy brown visitor began to search for his little mistress immediately. One by one he nosed around each child's chair while they gurgled with delight. No one seemed afraid of him. At last he came to Lucy and finding her laid his head on her knee with a look of supreme satisfaction.

"He's Lucy's brown dog! He's Lucy's brown dog!" shouted the children in delight.

The teacher gave one glance in the direction of her neatly typed program for the day, lying at her elbow, and breathed a brief prayer that the superintendent would not visit them at that moment. And then, not because she was wise but just because she knew of nothing else to do, she said, "Watch him and see what he will do," and resigned herself to the prospect of giving over five minutes of the time set apart for the day's program.

It is a long walk from Lucy's home to the church, and Brownie had lost the scent several times, which had made the journey longer. He was very tired and his tongue hung out, for the day was warm. Having found the object of his search, his mistress, Brownie turned his attention to the contents of the room. He sniffed in every corner, and then, crossing the circle, he came upon the bowl of flowers on the floor in the center. "Water!" said Brownie's eager little tongue, as he poked it down among the pink flowers, as clearly as if he had spoken the word.

"Oh, he's thirsty!" exclaimed all the children together.

"He loves Lucy, so he came to find her and got tired," was Herbert's explanation, and it was given with a note of tenderness unusual for noisy Herbert.

By this time the teacher had resigned herself completely to the fate of having her plans for a logical and orderly session upset. She turned her back squarely upon her typed program.

"Get a dish from the cabinet, Herbert, and bring him some nice, fresh water," said she, and she could scarcely recognize her own voice.

"Is this religious education?" asked something inside of her.

The assistant rose to help Herbert, and her manner plainly said: "No, this is not religious education. What can the teacher be thinking of?"

Slowly and steadily came Herbert, carrying the dish of water from the church kitchen. All safely it was set down in the middle of the circle and before the children could think about it, Brownie had emptied it. "Bow! wow!" said Brownie softly, as he stood surveying the empty saucer.

"He wants some more!" cried all the children in an ecstasy. "He got so thirsty trying to find Lucy!"

Certainly, he did want some more. Four dishes of water did Brownie drink, and four different children had the experience of carrying it for him while the rest watched breathlessly.

During this season of interest the teacher was thinking, and once, when the children were all intent on Brownie's saucer, she slipped away to her picture file and returned with some pictures. Those she had planned to use for the day lay untouched.

Brownie, having emptied four saucers of water, refused a fifth and retired to a corner where he stretched out and, resting his nose on his paws, closed his eyes with a sigh of content.

"He's happy now," commented Frances. "He's found Lucy and he's not thirsty any more."

Then the circle talk began. How the conversation flowed! The teacher produced her pictures — two children feeding a cat, a little girl scattering corn for the hens, a tiny boy with his bunny.

"She's glad just the way Brownie was glad when he got

the water," said the children, as they looked at the picture of the cat.

Most of the comments were related to the experience which they had just lived through. Then they drew dishes of food for pets and learned a new song, "I Love Little Pussy," at its first presentation. Never once did they fall into abstractions, such as, "That little boy was kind." The universal comment was, "The dog feels good," or "Bunny feels comfortable," with the addition, "the way we made Brownie feel good." They put themselves in another's place, if only an animal's, and this is the first requirement for sympathetic helpfulness.

"Come and I will tell you a story," said the teacher at last, and they gathered on the rug close to her knees. Never were the children so intense, as they followed the adventures of the Good Shepherd when he went to find his lost sheep, and Brownie lay quietly in the corner and dozed away through it all.

The little flock had departed, small Lucy with her hand on Brownie's shaggy back, as he paced proudly beside her, when the teacher paused before her table and took up her typed program. She smiled as her eyes rested on the subject — "The Sun a Helper."

"We have certainly wandered in attractive by-paths today," she thought. "A year ago I should never have done it. I would have *stuck* to my program and traveled the road mapped for the day."

Suddenly the words of a master among teachers flashed into her mind — "Interest is a signboard, pointing *the* way."

Was this a by-path or the main road?

Questions for Discussion

1. Is this incident an argument against having a program?
2. Are there programs in which it would be appropriate to arrange for a dog visitor?

3. What other stories than that of the lost sheep would have applied after the dog's entrance?

4. If the teacher had not been familiar with an appropriate story, what could she have done to follow up the children's interest in the dog?

5. Suppose the visitor, instead of a dog, had been the superintendent of the school. Should the program have been altered in any way because of his visit?

EXPEDITIONS

FRANCES WELD DANIELSON

"Learning through doing" has become so ingrained in our educational code that in our zeal for activities sometimes even our story gets crowded out. Lately my beginners have been doing a good deal of "learning through going."

I have discovered that a session need not necessarily be confined to our beginners' room. Even when the repairs now in process are completed, and it is a lovely spot, still I expect often to leave it, though it will always be our starting point, and to it we shall return.

Where do we go? Why, sometimes exploring. We explored our church auditorium. To a number of us it was unknown territory, except for Children's Day. Even then the many people made the surroundings less arresting. Exploring, we had time to point out the many things made from God's trees — the posts supporting the gallery; the pews; the big, curved, shining pulpit. We had time to go up through the gallery into the bellringer's room, and be surprised that the big rope made the bell ring, and the little one made it toll. It was interesting singing our songs as we stood in a row in a long gallery pew. It was *thrilling* singing them in the choir-stalls. Best of all was when our little voices and the big voice of the organ sang these songs together, as we crowded around the organist and she played with feet as well as hands.

We explored our village greenhouse. The reason for going was to spend the money we had collected for church flowers. Exploring was a side issue, but this part proved very exciting. A greenhouse is a wonder — a summer garden against a winter landscape, and nothing between but

glass. The fragrance of the flowers and the smell of moist earth and the riot of color are intoxicating. We stopped twice to sing songs we knew about the heavenly Father's flowers.

We explored our village park, and, as is the case with many an explorer, we did not find what we were looking for, but something different, and quite as interesting. We hunted for abandoned bird's nests. What we found were red and gold autumn leaves. My plan was to wonder over little houses made without hands. What we did was to wonder over the changing color in leaves.

Once we explored our fire-engine house, personally conducted by our fire chief, and were charmed with the ladders, and hatchets, and long hose, and siren, and with the hook and ladder truck. We were thrilled and also given a sense of safety and of gratitude to our firemen.

Our expeditions are not always explorations. They are sometimes gift-making jaunts — at Thanksgiving, with fruit and vegetables; at Christmas, with a tree. These are experiences which make the blood tingle.

But we do not need the occasion of a holiday for such expeditions. An ill playmate required an expedition to the toystore to select a gift with much excitement and difference of opinion. A by-product of this experience was the shattering of the teacher's theories in regard to the toys children like.

A gift of flowers was the occasion of an expedition by automobile to the home of an invalid, where pictures, a favorite story and songs were shared, and appreciated as fully as the gift of flowers.

The comment, I am quite sure, is ready by somebody — somebody who never took an expedition — "But what an *easy* way of teaching, if you call it teaching!"

I answer with conviction, "It *isn't* easy, and it *is* teaching."

On the point of ease I will say:

A room has four restraining walls; our park is not walled. There are streets to cross in an expedition.

In our beginners' room there is no "Don't touch" sign. In our greenhouse there are flowers that may only be smelled and looked at.

Not all clerks in a toyshop appreciate a five-minute discussion over a five-cent purchase.

A winter expedition that begins and ends in the beginners' room means doubling the two acts of overshoes taken off, overshoes identified and put on.

Expeditions by automobiles necessitate engaging (sometimes hiring) careful drivers, whose cars never fail to stand at the church when the children are ready to start.

On the teaching point I would remark:

If telling a story of friendliness to a sick person is teaching, why isn't making it possible for children to express such friendliness also teaching?

Through song and story we endeavor to teach self-control. In the greenhouse one exercises self-control.

In the classroom a teacher asks questions. On an expedition she answers them.

To her class the teacher says, "We can speak to God anywhere." In the greenhouse, in the park, while exploring the church, there is often worship.

A ride, the appreciation of the recipient of a gift, perhaps hot chocolate on one's return, make gift-making very enjoyable — an experience one wants to repeat.

Questions for Discussion

1. How can expeditions be made possible in a city school?
2. Which of the expeditions described might take place during the Sunday session?
3. How does the teacher act as interpreter on an expedition?
4. From the standpoint of the givers, compare the value of a gift bought by the teacher with that of one bought by the children.
5. What, if any, is an adequate substitute for a first-hand experience?

BROTHERS ALL

Jessie Eleanor Moore

The hope that the next generation will live a little better, know a little more and be a little more Christian in action and attitude is the motive which inspires all teachers and parents in their work. So when the beginners' teacher listened to a long discussion in a teachers' meeting about plans for eliminating the half-dozen Negro children enrolled in the school and sending them to their own churches, she was disturbed but not discouraged. Of course, one couldn't expect these adults to show an attitude of real Christian brotherhood in such a matter. They had never been so trained. But her own babies upstairs should be so taught that such discriminations would never occur when, a few years hence, they would be conducting a teachers' meeting. She congratulated herself that her children were so young. The Father of All does not send babies into the world with race hatred in their breasts. That is learned after they arrive.

Quietly but firmly she delivered her ultimatum to the administration. The two Negro children in the beginners' class were to remain, and if anything happened to make them or their parents uncomfortable in doing so, or if any new Negro pupils were turned away, the church might dispense with her services. In her opinion the Christian church could not make discriminations of race or color or nationality. Strange as it may seem, this deliverance did not prove to be a bomb but the dove of peace. The question was dropped and the Negro children in all grades remained.

How refreshing to return to the four walls of the beginners' room where such questions did not trouble! Here

all worked and played together — the descendants of Celt and German and Puritan alike, with a little boy from bonnie Scotland and the Negro girl and boy. Here they prayed together to the loving Father of All.

One day a story had been told about gentleness in play which had led the way to quite a discussion afterward. It was the consensus of opinion that often one must play the game another child liked best and that one must wait one's turn. Group spirit was most apparent.

"Let us stand together and ask the heavenly Father to help us think about others when we play. Let us take hold of hands as we do it," said the teacher at last.

They rose. Louisa stood next to George, the little Negro boy. As the group joined hands, she slipped a place in the circle, to avoid taking his hand. With no comment the teacher stepped into the empty place and took George's hand herself and the prayer was made.

The teacher was troubled. Had the discussions downstairs invaded the peace of her own small kingdom? Never before in all her experience with little children had she seen any act which showed that they noted any difference of race.

"Louisa, will you stay and help me put the things away?" she asked as she dismissed the class.

"Why didn't you want to stand next to George?" she asked when they were alone.

"I did stand next to him," said Louisa.

"But I saw you move," returned the teacher. "George is a very nice little boy. He has a good father and a good mother who love him just as much as your father and mother love you. The heavenly Father loves George just as much as he loves you. George's hand is black but it won't come off. Next time you get in the circle next to him will you take his hand?"

"Yes," said Louisa meekly, as she bustled about the room, helping to put the things away in the closet.

The teacher wondered what kind of story Louisa would tell at home. Her mother's attitude would be quite the opposite of the teacher's in such a case.

The days sped on to preparations for Christmas. Through a friend of the class they had become interested in a Negro kindergarten in the sunny South. They were planning a Christmas gift for them.

"Let Thelma hold the basket," the children suggested one day just before the offering service. "She looks like the children we are going to send the picture to." So Thelma proudly held the basket as the representative of the race to whom they were to express their friendship on that day of peace and good will.

In February Elaine went to school and those were big days. Conversation at home and at church school was filled with the doings of the teacher and the other children there.

"We had a hard time over a game this morning," said Elaine one day to her mother, as they sat at the lunch table. "One of the little girls wouldn't take a little colored girl's hand. It was too bad — spoiled the whole game. Now if I had been next to her there wouldn't have been a speck of trouble. You see we have George and Thelma at —— Church. We are all friends and we all play together there."

So do the manners and customs of the little kingdom of the beginners' class become standards for conduct in the big outside world.

The weeks passed by and were dotted with expressions of friendship between the Negro children in the southern kindergarten and the children of ——— Church. Scrapbooks and boxes of pictures, valentines and packages of seeds at Easter were carried to and fro by the U. S. mails. In between there were letters of thanks and photographs.

One day the letter of thanks for the seeds was being read. George was absent for the day and Thelma had gone away on an extended visit. The letter ended — "We wish you

could come to our school and play with us or we could come and play with you." Then the children eagerly bent over some photographs which were enclosed.

"They can't come here," said Milton, a new boy, settling back in his chair.

"No, it's too far," answered Robert. "They would have to ride on the train."

"They can't come here 'cause they are black," pursued Milton doggedly.

The teacher caught her breath. Color had never been mentioned during all this adventure in friendship. She had often recalled that fact with a certain pride.

"Not to this school they can't come," went on Milton. — How could she make him stop talking? — "No black children in this school."

A moment of silence. Then the children began.

"George belongs to our school and he is black," said Louisa.

"And he might come in any minute," went on Elaine, "and when he does you had better be nice to him."

"And Thelma has gone away to Virginia to see her grandmother. You had better be good to her when she comes back," added Robert.

And Milton was effectually silenced.

The late spring days brought the class a real problem in brotherhood. Haig, a little Armenian boy, who had never been with a group of children before and spoke not a word of English, was entered in the class. Contrary to the usual custom of children not at home with the language, he did not sit quietly in open-eyed wonder. He walked about the room constantly, or tried to attract attention to himself by jumping up from his chair suddenly and careening around the circle, making foolish motions with head and arms. Usually his attention could be caught by some new toy — a picture-book, a crayon and paper, or a box of blocks, and then while quiet reigned as the little stranger amused him-

self with the toy in a far corner, the program went on until the next outburst.

Truly here was a problem. George, although his skin was a different color, was popular with the group. He was a mentally superior child. His vivid imagination made him eagerly sought after to take the leading part in any dramatic play. When construction projects were on, his skilful fingers helped many of the slower children over difficulties. To have George retell a story was quite as satisfactory as the teacher's retelling. But here was a child with white skin and apparently like themselves, but really a little alien.

The children soon caught the teacher's method of giving Haig something to do. During the play hour, as soon as he would begin his gyrations about the room, several of the children would go to him and offer him their toys. One day when Dorothy had painstakingly built a tall tower of the blocks, Haig came by and laid it low with a sweep of his hand.

"I am sorry, Dorothy," said the teacher, "but I don't know how to tell him not to. He doesn't understand English."

"I guess he likes to knock them down like the babies when they don't understand," said Dorothy. "I'll make another."

That day tower after tower was built by patient Dorothy. Haig waited and watched. Then — down it would go. Soon the teacher noticed that Haig was helping Dorothy place the blocks.

"I have learned a lesson in brotherhood from my children today," said the teacher to herself. "My first thought was to isolate him as a punishment for an unsocial act."

Slowly the blocks were piled up, Dorothy one and Haig one. "Up!" said Dorothy. "Up!" said Haig. "Build the house!" said Dorothy. "Build ze hoose!" said Haig.

Then came the sweep of Haig's arm and the crash. "Down!" said Dorothy. "Down!" said Haig, and he clapped his hands.

"How wonderful children are!" said the teacher to herself. "She is teaching him English on the side."

It was early one day when Haig opened the door. He had a picture in his hand. "Automobile!" said he quite plainly, holding up the picture.

"Yes, automobile," replied the teacher. "It goes 'chug-chug-chug-chug.'"

With that she considered the matter settled. But not Haig. He repeated the word somewhat less than a few hundred times during the play period. Then it was circle time. Would his tongue never cease? "Automobile — automobile — automobile!" How could they have a prayer or anything else?

"O Haig!" began the teacher, a bit fretfully.

"I guess he's practicing," said Marion. "He's learning fast. Did you hear how plainly he said 'yellow' a little while ago?"

The teacher checked herself. Of course he was practicing. If he was to learn a strange language, he must practice. And if the class was to practice brotherhood, they must endure some disturbance.

The warm June days came and one day Louisa entered the door, leading by the hand a tiny olive-skinned, black-eyed, black-haired boy.

"I brought him right away," she began eagerly. "He just came to live in our house last week. He's Spanish. His name is Henri and he just came on the ship." She removed his hat, hung it up and led him over to the box of blocks. "He don't talk English," she continued, as she began to take out the blocks. "But he'll soon learn. Haig is learning fast, isn't he, Miss ——?"

Henri settled down to the blocks with great eagerness, but no word did he speak. Louisa fluttered about like a little

mother, as she divided her attention between her charge and the dolls.

"I brought him right away," she repeated. "If I just came to New York, I'd like somebody to look out for me."

"'If I just came —— I'd like somebody to look after me,'" repeated the teacher to herself. "The one great essential for practicing brotherhood is the power to put oneself in another's place. I have great hopes for the cause in the next generation, unless some one gets in and builds barriers which do not now exist in these baby hearts."

Questions for Discussion

1. What important elements entered into the effectual silencing of Milton? What did the teacher have to do with it?
2. What beneficial effects does it have on a child to play with one with little control, as Dorothy played with Haig?
3. Which helps more to friendly race relationships, ignoring differences or pointing out excellencies?
4. Compare the value of an experience in race relationship and a story or other teaching on the subject.
5. If there were no children of other races in the neighborhood, how could the feeling of brotherhood be fostered?

HAY AND WINDOWS

From a Record of Summer Adventures with Beginners

WILHELMINA STOOKER

"To meet for three weeks with beginners and help them to live in a more Christian way," was the objective set before us. "Follow the children's lead; use the books and pictures necessary. *You do not need to follow a prepared course unless it fits your situation.*" This provided a basis which made possible a joyous experience for both leader and children.

It was glorious summer weather. We had a feeling that we should not want to be indoors so long as it continued. We selected a light bag large enough for pictures and song books, so that they might be carried with us wherever we might wander.

In the cupboard in the beginners' room were crayons, paper and scissors. Our piano had been borrowed for a few days but we could go into the chapel to sing.

FIRST DAY

"I've come to school," said four-year-old Mary, running down the walk to meet us.

"Let us go to find Robert and see if he doesn't want to come. Billy and Kenneth and Joe and Ruth and Teddy will be here soon, too."

"I'm making hay," said Robert, who lived near by, as he appeared around the corner with his express wagon full of cuttings from the lawn.

"We'll help," we said.

"I'm going to put it in the hay barn now," he said, and

we followed to two great packing boxes next a shed. The other children soon joined us and as the hay was put away there was much talk of the cows and horses who were to eat the hay.

"Now," said Mary, "let's go to school."

"No," said Robert, "I'm going to make hay."

"We will go with you," said the leader, who thought that "school" could go on in the hayfield fully as well as in the classroom. But Mary, who had visited another vacation school earlier in the summer, had other ideas.

"I want to go to school and sing," she said.

"Perhaps," said the leader, foreseeing a storm, "perhaps we can help Robert make hay and then he will go and help us sing. Will you, Robert?"

"I'd rather make hay than do anything else in the whole world," said Robert slowly and impressively. Then he gave Joe his wagon and ran home for his brother's.

We made hay in the hot sunshine until we were quite tired; then we slipped into the cool chapel to sing with Mary.

"I can sing 'Jesus Loves Me,'" said Mary.

"So can I," said Robert.

We sang it and then we changed the words and the children sang it over and over —

Jesus loves me, this I know,
For my mother tells me so.

Then we sang —

What can I do
What can I say
To make mother happy today? [1]

We played bits of helpful service to answer the questions of the song. Then because we had been making hay for the cows we sang —

[1] From *Song and Play for Children.*

Moo, cow, moo,
Where are you?
Here, my boy,
I've milk for you.[2]

" Girl," said Mary, and we sang it again with " girl " in it.

" I want to make hay," said Robert, so back we went to the hay field and with our loads to the barn. Then we all sat under a tree and made a story:

" God made the grass to grow in the field.
" God made the rain to come down and water the grass.
" He made the sun to shine and the grass to grow.
" God made men to be his helpers to mow the grass.
" God sends his sun to dry the grass and make hay.

" Robert and Ruth and Mary,
And Joe and Teddy are all God's helpers.
They put the hay in the wagon.
They haul it to the barn for the cows to eat."

After that it was time to go home.

" We will all come to school tomorrow," said the leader.

" Let's have a really school," said Mary reproachfully.

" How little it takes," the leader thought, " to shut one's idea of school into four walls! "

" I want to make hay," said Robert.

SECOND DAY

Another beautiful day for making hay. We all stopped at the chapel and gathered close about the piano to sing with Mary. We sang over and over the songs we had sung the day before. Then we went with Robert to make hay. When we were weary we drew the express wagons under

[2] *Step a Song,* Cumpson. Used by permission of the Simcoe Publishing Co.

a big elm and looked at the pictures in *The Singing Farmer,* which had been added to our bag that morning.

"Read!" commanded the children, and so the leader read as we looked at the pictures.

THE FARMER [3]

I am a farmer,
I like my farm.
I am a singing farmer,
I sing about my farm.

See my fields of grass,
My fields of waving grass,
Grass that grows
For my cow to eat.

"There is a cow eating hay," said Robert excitedly. "Read about that."

I FEED MY COW [3]

My gentle cow
Stands in her stall.
I give her hay to eat.

My gentle cow
Begins to chew,
She finds the hay so sweet.

THE HAY STACK [3]

I mow, I mow.
I cut the grass.
The sun shines hot
To dry the grass.

[3] From *The Singing Farmer,* Tippett. Copyright, 1927, by World Book Company, publishers, Yonkers-on-Hudson, N. Y.

The grass is dry.
I call it hay.
I rake, I rake,
And stack the hay.

I climb the ladder.
I go into the loft.
I walk on the hay
And I find it soft.

Then we pulled our wagons back to our "loft" and the boys "climbed up a ladder" to the top of the packing-box loft. Shrieks of joy announced that they had "found a door." It was a huge knot-hole. So all the hay was taken out of the loft and put into the barn again through "the door," part of the group working inside, pitching it back into the corner and others outside putting it into the loft. When we had finished we sat under a tree to rest and read.

I take my ladder
And climb to the loft.
I am glad my cow cannot,
For the hay is there.[4]

"How sweet the hay smells!" said Robert.

"What makes it smell sweet?" asked Joe. And again we had our story about God's sun and rain and the wind that dries the hay and makes it sweet.

"I could eat it, too," said Robert.

THIRD DAY

It continues to be good haying weather. Today as we rested under the trees after filling the wagons we looked again at the pictures in *The Singing Farmer*. Just then we

[4] From *The Singing Farmer*, Tippett. Copyright, 1927, by World Book Company, publishers, Yonkers-on-Hudson, N. Y.

heard a stroke of the bell and saw some of the other classes coming from their rooms.

"Where are the big boys and girls going?" asked Joe.

"To chapel," we answered.

"Let us go," said Mary.

"No," said Robert.

(Later Robert asked, "Do you know why I didn't want to go to chapel?" "No," the leader said. "Because," he said, "my hands were too dirty making hay.")

"I'd rather stay here," said Joe.

"I know," said the leader. "We could have our chapel here."

"And sing?" said Mary.

"What else do they do?" said Joe.

"There are stories and prayers," the leader answered.

"I can pray," said Robert.

We sang our songs; the children looked again at the pictures and asked for favorites. The leader read "Work" and "Hay in the Loft."

My gentle cow
Stands in the stall.
I give her hay to eat.

My gentle cow
Begins to chew,
She finds the hay so sweet.

"Read it again," said Robert.

"After we read it again you may pray, Robert."

Robert's prayer:

"We thank God for food,
We thank God for making the hay so sweet
For the cows to eat.
Amen."

FOURTH DAY

It rained during the night. Word had come that Teddy and little Ruth had chicken pox. It was a dreary day. The hayfield was too wet to play there. Indoors we looked at pictures and read and told our stories again. We sang in the chapel; then, the rain having ceased, we went to play in Robert's sandbox, where we built roads and barns and hauled hay with tractors. Little two-year-old David came and played with us.

FIFTH DAY

It continued to be wet. After we had played at hauling in the sandbox we went into a new classroom to sing. As we entered, the children went at once to a framed picture hanging on the wall. It was a photograph of Federico Baroccio's Madonna.

"It's the Baby Jesus," said Mary softly.

The leader took it down and the children studied it intently.

"There's a hayloft," said Robert.

"And a cow," said Joe.

"He's lying on the hay," said Mary. "Don't you remember? I know the story."

So we had the story, all of us helping to tell it.

"I know a song," said the leader, going to the piano, and we sang over and over —

Long, long ago, on Christmas Day,
A baby in a manger lay
And slept upon a bed of hay —
Little Lord Jesus.[5]

"Oh," said the leader, "I know another one, too, that I can sing for you."

[5] From *Object Lessons for the Cradle Roll.*

And so we put our picture on the piano beside the song book and sang "The Friendly Beasts."[6] We could see all the animals of the song except the pigeons, and we were almost sure we could see those in the loft.

"Sing the one about the cow again," said Robert.

And so we sang that verse again and again —

"I," said the cow all white and red.
"I gave him my manger for his bed,
I gave him my hay to pillow his head;
I," said the cow all white and red.

SIXTH DAY

"We want to sing," said the children as they met us at the door.

"About the cow," said Robert.

We had found the picture of the Baby Jesus in one of the folders of the new beginners' lessons.[7] This we had slipped into the song book beside the song, "The Friendly Beasts." There were exclamations of joy when the book was opened:

"There it is!"

"There is our picture!"

Then the children enjoyed it all over again, and we sang "The Friendly Beasts" and all our other songs. We told our story about God making the hay, and the story about the Baby Jesus.

Then the leader said, "I have a surprise," and out of the bag came a flat box with a picture of the manger scene on the cover. When the children opened the box they found a pasteboard cut-out of the crèche.[8] This they proceeded to set up, telling the story as they worked.

The grass was still too wet to make hay, but between

[6] From *Song and Play for Children.*
[7] Part I, No. 10.
[8] Woolworth's, ten cents.

showers we went out under a great maple to play with the primary children, who were busy with an African project. We found them playing animal games — bear and elephant and giraffe.

" I'm a white bear," said little Joe.

" Bears in Africa are not white," said one of the primary boys. " White bears live away up north."

" I know," said Joe, " where Santa Claus lives." Then clapping his hands, " I tell you what let's do," he continued, as the primary children went back to their room. " Let's make houses like the children's 'way up north."

" Snow houses, you mean? "

" Yes, snow houses."

" Snow houses, snow houses, let's do it! " said all the others, clapping their hands and jumping up and down.

" Perhaps we can tomorrow," said the leader, quite unprepared for the turn of affairs.

" We want to do it now," they chorused. " Today! "

" We will see what we can find in my cupboard," said the leader, hoping there might be a bit of cotton or something that would give her an inspiration. But, alas, there was nothing, and so she turned to primary material. There was a Bradley cut-out of an Eskimo village and a book, *Alaskan Windows*. But both were too difficult for these beginners, though some of the pictures and ideas proved useful. A sudden inspiration came. Salt and cornstarch — that was the medium for beginners. An excursion to the corner grocery to obtain the ingredients was organized. That ended the day.

SEVENTH DAY

When the children arrived they found an aluminum bowl, boxes of cornstarch, salt, a big mixing spoon, water, newspapers to spread on the table and white wrapping paper to spread over that. They had a gay time mixing the dry

ingredients and stirring in the water. When it was all mixed the molding began. Two colored pictures from the Alaskan picture stories and several pictures from the Alaska picture sheet came out of the bag and were placed on the wall. These served as models. We decided that each should make blocks about three inches long, an inch high, and an inch thick. These the leader piled around a ball of soft paper, and soon a snow house began to emerge.

We soon found that our snow houses, like some real ones, melted. Probably the number of cooks had spoiled the broth, and the proportions had not been kept accurate. At first it was great fun to see our efforts melt down into little flat cakes, but it was rather disappointing.

"I wish we could make hay," said Robert.

"It's raining!" said the children as they ran to look longingly out of the window. It was a big window with broad sills.

"We can have a story here," said the leader, a half-forgotten incident forming the inspiration for the following story:

"Once upon a time there was a little lame girl. She lived away up north. All summer she could play outdoors with the other children. In the winter she was too lame to walk in the snow so she had to stay indoors. She lived in a house that did not have any windows. It was very dark and lonesome. She could not even watch the other children play. Her father was so poor, you see, he could not have a window in his house. One day a teacher came to live in that neighborhood. She had been sent to tell the people about Jesus. The teacher was sorry because the little lame girl had no window and could not even watch the children play. Now this teacher knew some friendly boys and girls who loved Jesus and liked to do things to please him. She decided to write them a letter and ask them to send her some of their money to help buy the little lame girl a window. One day the teacher got a letter. When she opened it she

found that the friendly boys and girls had sent her enough money so the little girl's daddy could get the window right away. The day he put it in the house, the little girl looked out of the window and there were all the boys and girls making a big snowman for her to see. What do you think the little lame girl put into her prayer that night? "

"Thank you, God, for windows," said Mary.

"Yes," said the leader, "and something else. 'Thank you for friendly boys and girls who help God.'"

EIGHTH DAY

Another day of pouring rain. We decided to cook our ingredients for the snow houses, using the following proportions per child.

1 cup salt
2 tablespoonfuls cornstarch
¾ cup water

Boil 15 minutes. When cool, add salt enough to make mixture pliable.

This mixture was about the consistency of plasticine and we soon had blocks enough to build a whole village.

A little booklet, *To the Land of the Eskimo*,[9] provided us with "punch-out" colored figures of bear, deer, seals, boats and people to put into our village. We built a house with a window for a little girl, and a house for the teacher, and for other boys and girls. After we had taken the houses down and rebuilt them several times, we washed our hands and tiptoed out on the chapel steps, well out of the rain, but where we could hear the organ play. After the others had left the chapel, we went in quietly to look at the colored windows.

When we came back we went to the piano, and after we had sung all our songs, the leader took from her bag the picture of Jesus and the Children (Plockhorst) and said,

[9] Presbyterian Board of Missions, 35 cents.

"I think this is one of the stories the teacher told the little lame girl."

"I know what it is," said Mary, and so Mary told the story very simply.

"Now let's play the Jesus game," she said as she finished, reaching for the box with the cut-out of the crèche.

NINTH DAY

"Robert has broken his arm in a fall from his velocipede," was the word that came over the telephone last evening. Today we played quietly with him. The children were much concerned over his arm in the sling.

Kenneth, a four-year-old child from out of town, visited us today. We told him our stories, sang our songs, and showed him how to make the snow blocks. Then we made snow houses and took them apart and built them up again. The continued rain has kept our modeling mixture soft, and the children enjoyed working in it greatly.

Robert left early. Kenneth was much interested in the pipe-organ music in the chapel. We sat on the steps to listen to the organ again. Kenneth tiptoed in to peek, then started in. When the leader beckoned him back he said, "But I've got to find out how that music is made." With difficulty we persuaded him to postpone his investigations until the older group had finished their worship.

TENTH DAY

We were greeted with, "Are we going to make snow houses?" The children do not seem to tire of it. Mary has developed a very motherly way of helping Joe wash his hands after the modeling; indeed, she encourages several washings during the period. This feminine care seems to disgust Robert. He quite impatiently jerked Joe away, as Mary insisted on taking his hand while walking through the garden.

Today we added to our songs:

Let us roll the snow,
On the ground
And make a snowman,
Big and round.[10]

Snowman, O!
See him go!
When the sun shines on the snow,
See him go!
See him go! [10]

These we dramatized over and over. Each one had to play the snowman which the others pretended to model. Then as a child played he was the sun, the snowman slowly sank down, down, till suddenly he tumbled flat on the ground.

When we went out to play we shared our story of the little lame girl with the primary children. Then we dramatized the story and played the snowman song in front of the lame girl's window.

ELEVENTH DAY

Still it rains. Fortunately the children are still enthusiastically building and rebuilding snow houses. After we had sung our songs and told our stories we looked at pictures of northern lights and the leader told the children of her childhood memories of looking out the window and seeing the gorgeous play of color on winter nights. Then the children were given colored crayons that they might draw lovely lights in the sky, while the leader made a little book cover with a window in the front after the fashion of the booklets suggested in *Windows into Alaska*.[11] The children slipped their colored pictures in the covers and enjoyed looking through the window at them.

[10] From *Songs to Sing*, by Cumpson. Used by permission of the Simcoe Publishing Co. [11] Missionary Education Movement.

TWELFTH DAY

Mary came running to meet us today, much excited over the coloring, pink and blue, that she had seen in the sky the night before. Her mother tells us that while driving they saw the sunset coloring across the lake and Mary was much impressed. She had not noticed such things before, but the story and drawing the picture of the northern lights had evidently increased her appreciation.

It was a very warm day, too warm to stay in, so we took our " Jesus game " out under the tree and then around to the chapel steps. The children, as usual, suggested going in to see the colored windows, especially the one with a picture of Jesus. We told our stories over again. Robert thinks we can make hay tomorrow. He is sure he can with one hand.

The primary children seemed to be doing something interesting, so we joined them and found they were making dolls and elephants and all sorts of fascinating figures from rose haws, put together with little sticks. Some had made very cunning little bowls, and cups, and saucers, and baskets. The beginners were sure that they too could make these fascinating things, so we went to the rose hedge to gather our rose haws, thinking that perhaps with a great deal of help there might be fashioned a doll for each.

After we had filled our pockets we sat down together under a tree. Just across the street were some offices where people were busy beside the windows.

Suddenly the sky seemed filled with airplanes. An air meet had been planned at a near-by aviation field, but the continued rain had kept the airplanes on the ground until today. The children went quite wild, running into the middle of the road, jumping up and down, their faces turned upward without thought of passing automobiles or danger, and all shrieking madly. This, added to the whir of airplanes, made it quite impossible to make any commands or

cautions heard. It also made it impossible for the people at the windows to work. As the leader tried vainly in distracted fashion to get her flock safely out of the track of passing cars and quieted, a mother strolled up, saying, "I just thought I'd see how you handled such a situation." As the leader tried to think how she was handling the situation, she became aware that the children were shrieking words. In a lull she asked Mary what they were.

"We are asking them to come down and give us a ride," said Mary as if we ought to know, and quite hoarse from her efforts. Then she darted away shrieking, "Come down, come down, take me for a ride!"

"Why not sing it, Mary? Why not sing it, Joe?" the leader said as we caught up with one after another of the older children, asking them to take the little ones by the hand and lead them to safety. The suggestion met with favor and as the whir died away we found ourselves hand in hand, dancing and singing, —

"Come down, come down,
And take us for a ride!"

We dropped down on the grass in exhaustion, and a little discussion resulted in plans; so that when the airplanes appeared over us a little later we thought about the people at the windows, and about the safety of the little ones, and ran to an open spot to caper and dance and sing, instead of shrieking wildly in the middle of the street near the offices.

THIRTEENTH DAY

Today we cut out some silhouettes of Arctic animals — seals, bears, reindeer, and Eskimo dogs to paste in our window book. As it is the last day we shall be together we told all our stories and sang all our songs. We carried our snow houses out of doors and took a picture. Then we took the Jesus game over to set up on the chapel steps. As we

were playing we spied a dear little lady in the house across the way. It was the grandmother of a primary child. She had greeted us often as we passed the house. Today we waved and Mary said, "Let's ask her to come and see our game."

"She couldn't come. She is lame," the leader said, "but she would love to see the game."

"Let's take it over to her," said several children. So we took the game and set it up and told her our stories. She made it a happy time with her enthusiasm.

When Mary's mother later asked her what they had done that morning Mary said dreamily, "We went to see 'the little lame girl' and played and told her stories." Mary's mother, not knowing any lame girl, thought that we had dramatized the story, but the story had passed over into actual Christian living — a real window had come into our experience.

Questions for Discussion

1. Name any worth-while element in a prescribed course which did not occur in this record of free teaching.
2. What preparation followed each session?
3. Did the programs seem to you orderly?
4. Was the objective realized?
5. For teaching of this type, what qualifications are needed?

A GREEN NECKTIE

FRANCES WELD DANIELSON

We hear so much about child-initiated programs that the beginners' teacher wrote out her Saturday plan rather guiltily. Its chief feature was an expedition to the fire-station, for which she was responsible. However, her theory was that any member of the group was free to contribute ideas, and that she was as truly a member of the group as any one of her children. Knowing the fire chief, she was certain that they would enjoy the trip and grow in appreciation of the efficient volunteer fire company.

The guilty feeling came when she wrote, " Stop at florist's for gift of plant." To be sure, there was a fund for gifts contributed by the children, but the idea of a plant was strictly her own. Well, perhaps the children might have another idea. She took a dollar from the gift fund, and proceeded to her class.

The fireman picture on the table started the children on tales of a fire that occurred the day before, which the firemen had put out. Several had heard the alarm; some had seen the fire-truck, one knew a boy who had witnessed the fire itself. Of course the story followed, told, not to a spellbound audience, but to one whose interest was shown by comments.

It seems that Josephine had once told the firemen exactly where a fire was located on her street. We thought that if she were a boy she might become a fireman. She said she had never heard of a woman fireman, but she *had* heard of a woman smoker!

One of our number had a father who belonged to the fire company. In speaking of the firemen's rapid dressing Josephine remarked, " I know who is the quickest dresser

in our family." We couldn't guess, and she said, "Our cat!"

The teacher then told with glee that Captain P. would take us over the fire station, and suggested that it would be nice to buy him a present.

"Well," quoth Josephine, "there is that four dollars I've got in the bank but it would take quite a while to get that."

"And then it would be your present and not all of ours," commented the teacher. "I brought a dollar of the money we've put into our basket for gifts. Now what shall we buy? Flowers? A plant for Mrs. P.?"

"My daddy has lots and lots of neckties," suggested Josephine.

"My daddy had a shirt for Christmas," said Ruth.

"We might telephone Mrs. P. and ask which he would rather have," suggested the teacher, smiling inwardly at her fear of being an autocrat.

The telephoning decided in favor of a necktie, and coats and hats were donned for a walk to a men's clothing store. As the street leading to the florist's was passed, the teacher smiled again at the efficiency with which the little democracy had superseded her plan, but with some anxiety over the group's ability in the selection of neckties.

The problem, however, was solved when the proprietor of the store assured us the fire chief's taste was for bright ties. "I like red!" came in a joyful chorus, but when the proprietor went on to show a green hat like one the fire chief had recently purchased, the suggestion of one child to match it brought forth the equally jubilant, "Match it! Match it!" So a green tie was put in a fancy box, and again the proprietor contributed to the enterprise by suggesting a rhyme to go with it. Two clerks produced a pencil and a sheet of the store paper, and teacher and children together evolved a rhyme, and Elaine, who carried the purse, produced the bill that to our delight exactly "matched" the price.

The fireman picture, taken along to show the fire chief, at-

tracted the proprietor's attention, so teachers and children together told him and the clerks the main incident, the rescue of the baby. The teacher again smiled inwardly at the remembrance of a story-telling diagram of a semi-circle of chairs with a dot for the teacher's position in front. Yet here was good story-telling, all clustered about a counter piled high with brilliant neckties!

The rest of the story is not so important, for it was according to schedule. The fire equipment was exhibited and fully appreciated, the gift presented, with the hint, "It's something to wear," followed by a frank, "*It's a green tie to match your hat,*" and the fire chief's promise to wear it.

Walking back we discussed the probability of its being worn the next day, to church. We would not be there to see, but our minister (also "daddy" to one of us), could report on that, as he shook hands after the service.

Next day the door of the beginners' room opened and there was our minister. "He had on the green tie," our minister said.

And this is the letter which the delighted beginners' department received from the Chief of the Fire Department.

"My dear little Girls and Boys,—

"I want to thank you ever so much for the very fine and very pretty tie you gave me, and I want to tell you that I like it very much. I hope your homes will never get afire, but if they should we will all come quick and put it out for you if we can.

"Yours with lots of love,
"_____ _____."

Questions for Discussion

1. Should children's gifts represent what they like, or what the recipient would like? Give the points on each side.

2. How would your answer be affected by your knowledge that "recipient" meant an adult, a sick playmate, or a child in a foreign country?

3. If it should be desirable for the class to know the tastes and needs of a person to whom a gift is being prepared, suggest ways by which little children could find these out, in the case of a

Playmate
Fireman
Person in an old people's home
Child in a foreign country

4. How did the children described here get " satisfaction " from their gift?

5. Of these three activities, which do you think would contribute most to an appreciation of the fireman as helper? Give reasons for your answer:

Listening to a well-told story of a fireman's rescue of a child.

Planning and buying a gift for a fireman.

An expedition to the fire station with explanations by the fire chief.

THE PRIMARY GROUP

ITALIAN NEIGHBORS

A Primary Missionary Project

JEANETTE E. PERKINS

"The Rôle of the Teacher in the Project Method,"[1] is defined by Prof. Hosic as that of leader, chairman, coach, chief interlocutor, umpire, task-master, authority, judge, sympathetic listener, chief performer, examiner, guide or friend as the occasion may require.

"Above all, she will expect each class, each pupil and each lesson to be different."

"She will anticipate but not arbitrarily determine what the next move of her pupils will be."

"She will choose her leads. . . . These are often found in textbooks," but "she will be quick to seize upon natural leads."

"The teacher must be a pioneer. She must have varied resources so she can guide the enterprise of the class"; she must, however, "rest heavily on theirs."

The stages in a project are given as the following:

I. A situation calling for adjustment,
II. The defining of a purpose to adjust it,
III. Casting about for solution and formulation of plans,
IV. Carrying out plans with such modification from time to time as seems best in view of the end,
V. Judgment of the degree of success or failure attending the enterprise,
VI. Accompanying feelings of satisfaction or dissatisfaction, with resulting attitude as to the future.

[1] *A Brief Guide to the Project Method,* Hosic and Chase.

A sample missionary project, carried out on a small scale with only two children, but having both home and foreign appeal, is here given. The steps will be noted under the six headings given above.

I. A situation calling for adjustment

Two American children, aged seven and eight, lived in a city with a large Italian population. These children, especially the boy, were inclined to look down upon all Italians.

II. The defining of a purpose to adjust it

1. Aim for the teacher: To change the attitude of scorn to one of respect and neighborliness.

2. Aim for the children: To assemble an Italian exhibit in order to show friends —

a. How Italians live in Italy,
b. How they leave their country for America,
c. What their life is like here.

III. Casting about for solutions and formulation of plans

1. Steamship offices were written to for Italian folders. The responses were prompt and prolific. Endless pictorial and decorative material was received.

2. Lucy Fitch Perkins' book, *The Italian Twins,* was discovered and found to be full of action and local color.

3. Loring's interest was enlisted in an exhibit of material which would show visitors how many attractive things come from Italy. He was enthusiastic at once, and full of suggestions. He said his mother had been to Italy and had some things she would lend; that he was just going to New York to visit his grandmother. She had been to Italy, too. Maybe he could bring back some of her souvenirs, and he could explain them to people because he would naturally know more about them. Hadn't he better dress in an

Italian costume? He had a new globe, a Christmas present. Wouldn't it be a good thing to bring that to the exhibit, so people could see just where Italy was?

4. A talk with the director of city and immigrant work of the Presbyterian Board, 156 Fifth Avenue, New York, brought forth a promise for the exhibit of a stereopticon lecture called " Tony's Adventures," the story and slides of an Italian boy, first at home in Italy, and later in America. (Though now available, they were unfortunately not at the time in shape for us to use.)

5. Perry Pictures of persons and things Italian were listed, and the following sent for: Columbus, Raphael, The Sistine Madonna, Detail of Sistine Madonna (the cherubs), and The Madonna of the Chair.

6. *The National Geographic Magazine* has had two Italian numbers. These were bought at fifty cents apiece. Most of the scenes, however, are reproduced on railway and steamship folders — free.

7. The Missionary Education Movement, 150 Fifth Avenue, New York, and denominational boards were asked for illustrative and story material dealing with facts, conditions and descriptions of the arrival of Italian immigrants, their life here, their opportunities and needs. A vast quantity was received; the Picture Sheets from the M. E. M., *Italians in the United States, Children of the City,* and *Work Around the World,* were especially valuable, as was the story booklet, *Italian Picture Stories,* with its accompanying pictures. There was also much free material.

8. From the Presbyterian Board came a booklet by David W. Lusk, entitled *Immigrants — Who They Are and What They Have Done for Us.* There is fine material on pages 10 and 11 about benefits from Italians.

9. The leader wrote various junior children of her acquaintance and told them of a large Italian population in X——, asking if they knew of anything which would (1) make American children in X—— better understand their

Italian neighbors; (2) show how much we as Americans owe to Italy; and (3) show what an important part Italy has played in the world in inventions, music, art, road-building, science, etc. (No returns!)

IV. Carrying out plans with such modification from time to time as seems best in view of the end

1. Polly came to call the day before Easter, and we started reading *The Italian Twins*. The story begins with an Easter Saturday celebration in Florence. The leader had twice seen this, and supplemented the book with her own experiences. We looked among Italian folders and found a picture of the square in which the celebration is held. Polly cut it out for future reference. We looked for other pictures of places mentioned — the Boboli gardens and palace near which the twins lived, a bird's-eye view of Florence, which they looked down upon that morning, the bridge over which they crossed to get to the celebration, the narrow, crooked street leading to the cathedral, and the Duomo itself. Polly cut them all out as the reading continued, not deciding yet what she should do with them. She learned to say "Happy Easter" in Italian, and used her new accomplishment next day.

2. A letter was received telling of the serious illness of a little cousin. Her mother wanted a list of good books. We decided to ask her to buy a copy of *The Italian Twins* and Polly would undertake to illustrate it for her, with a scrapbook of pictures from Italian folders. This furnished a fine motive for continuing to study and preserve pictures. Polly at once started a loose-leaf scrapbook of detail paper, and pasted in pictures, writing in her own captions. When the leader unwisely suggested titles, she was justly reproved with "Don't tell me what to say; I know."

The twins travel over the mountains to Venice, and the hunt for illustrations continued.

3. Loring returned from New York. He arrived at the school with a box of Italian objects which we three decided

to fasten to a chart. The three reasons were: "Things won't get lost"; "They're all together"; "They look pretty that way." Both children patiently arranged and sewed the objects to the chart.

4. Polly brought a second collection of Italian souvenirs. She did the arranging, but Loring helped her sew on the objects, as she had helped him. Loring had seen the leader making borders on posters and wanted to learn how to put one on his chart of objects. "We want to attract people's attention," he explained, and laboriously made a border, also printing MADE IN ITALY at the top — his own idea.

5. *The Italian Twins* was finished, but Polly was still working on her book of illustrations. Loring found the pictures of Italy interesting. He discovered picture sheets from the Missionary Education Movement, and studied them delightedly. Why couldn't he cut out pictures, too, and make some more charts? He liked making charts.

He divided the pictures into four types for four charts. "What the Italian children are used to seeing in Italy"; "How they come to America"; "What they find waiting for them in America" (later changed to "How America tries to help her guests); and "What Italians do in America" also changed later. (See paragraphs 10 and 11.)

6. While Polly was still occupied in pasting into her book pictures of Florence, and telling Loring about them, the leader told the story of the cherubs in the Sistine Madonna, and showed pictures of the Sistine Madonna, of Raphael, of the cherubs (detail) and of the Madonna of the Chair.

7. Loring was asked if he knew who discovered America. His answer was a question, "The Pilgrims?" and he was greatly surprised at finding that it was an Italian.

A set of questions was found in the Italian number of *Everyland*, to which Loring learned to answer from force of habit that an Italian was responsible for the name of our country, for the invention of wireless, for the discovery that the earth moves around the sun, and so on.

8. For the chart "How Italians come to America," Loring first cut out a picture of the Bay of Naples, showing Vesuvius. The leader told how she used to like to hear the people singing in the street of Naples, and how they loved their bay. Santa Lucia, one of the songs, begins one of its stanzas with "O bella Napoli." Loring was charmed at this discovery. Both children knew one verse of the song in English, and thought it would be nice to sing it at the exhibit. While they were talking about the Bay of Naples, the leader told the story of the building of the funicular railway up Mt. Vesuvius, and the origin of the song, Funiculi, Funicula (told in the Italian number of *Everyland*). The children wanted to learn to sing this song also for the exhibit. Loring said he could explain about the railway before it was sung.

9. The children decided to ask Mr. J. for the loan of his Victrola and his record, Italian Street Songs. They incidentally discovered that there were several records by one Caruso, who, it appeared, was an Italian. Here were more numbers for the entertainment part of the exhibit!

10. On the chart "How They Come to America" were to go pictures of Ellis Island. Miss S. made a timely call and told us about her visit to Ellis Island, and how she saw children getting their first lesson in English.

11. Loring and his mother took the leader to drive, dropping her at the tailor's where she had an errand. The tailor was an Italian from the north of Italy, and as the leader had heard of the recent arrival of his sister, she asked Loring if he would like to go in. The sister was a charming young woman, and we learned that she lived near Florence. Loring treated her like an old friend. He told her he was working on an Italian exhibit, and asked her if she wouldn't come and see it. Everything had to be interpreted by the brother, but she promised she would come. Loring found that she had not sailed from Naples nor yet been detained at Ellis Island. She seemed not to know what Ellis Island was. This put a new idea into Loring's head. He discovered that

all Italians are not of the type of his familiar fruitvender, and the next time he worked on his chart he changed the title, "How Italians Come to America," to "How Some Italians Come to America," and "What Italians Do in America" (showing bootblacks, street builders, peddlers, etc.) to "Some Things Italians Do in America."

12. Loring's cook asked him what he was learning "over at the school." Scornful reply: "We don't *learn* anything — we *work!*"

13. The leader read and told the stories from *Italian Picture Stories* while the children continued their work.

14. Pictures of the slums of New York brought forth the story of Jacob Riis, and the children were thrilled at his work of "cleaning up" and making playgrounds. Polly was by this time helping with the chart, her book being finished except for the decorative cover which she made at home.

15. We visited the tailor's again. We had been practicing songs, and the leader had said that Signorina A. undoubtedly knew them. Loring wished to ask her. Perhaps she would sing an Italian song at the exhibit. At first backward, she finally promised to sing Santa Lucia.

16. In connection with the final chart, "How America Tries to Help Her Guests," only those pictures were chosen which applied to the city of X——. There was a night school, where Signorina A. was learning English very rapidly; a day nursery, a visiting nurse and a settlement house, where classes were held for children.

17. Just before the exhibit the children were invited to visit the Italian Mission Sunday School, and "report" any suggestions they might have for making it more attractive.

18. *The Exhibit.* This was in two parts: (1) a display of Italian handicraft and pictures brought by the children and exhibit of the children's work; (2) the entertainment.

Both children were in Italian costume. Loring was dressed like a gondolier, and repeated at intervals the call of the Venetian "taxi-driver" — "Gondola, gondola, ecco

la gondola!" Polly, shyer than Loring, kept in the background, but proudly showed her book and chart to those interested. Loring felt his responsibility of educating the public, and to group after group earnestly explained the pictures on his charts, pointing out Italy on his globe, and showing the course taken from both Naples and Genoa to America. At the end he would point to his "Made in Italy" chart, and say: "The Italians made all those things. I brought them from home"; and (modestly) "I made the chart all myself!"

The program was announced by Loring, and each item had its introductory explanation. It included Victrola music — Italian street songs and two Caruso records; the story of Funiculi, Funicula, briefly given by Loring, and the song sung by all who knew it (the words were on the blackboard); the story of Raphael's cherubs, told by the leader; and Santa Lucia, announced thus: "Our guest, Signorina A., who came from near Florence, Italy, will now sing one of her favorite songs."

V. Judgment of the degree of success or failure attending enterprise

The children were quite well pleased with their enterprise from beginning to end. They wished, however, that they could have a "party or something" for the Italian children in the mission, and they were sorry Signorina A. hadn't been asked to sing "our tune" to "Santa Lucia," instead of a new one.

The original purpose had been accomplished, but the leader wished there were time and opportunity for more direct contact with Italian children, to test the feeling of "neighborliness."

VI. Accompanying feelings of satisfaction or dissatisfaction with resulting attitude as to the future

The mothers were better able to see results than the leader. Loring's mother declared that his change of attitude was

very marked. (Polly's sense of superiority had never been so noticeable as her playmate's.) The following prayers, made on nights when Loring had been working on the charts, show the impression his work and the study of the objects and pictures made on him:

"Father, we thank thee for jobs. We thank thee for every kind of job. We thank thee for work that includes all jobs."

"Our Father in heaven, we thank thee for all the beautiful instruments the Italians make. We thank thee for all the things they make. Maybe they helped me to see grandmother [railroad building]. Maybe they helped make this house. Maybe they helped make this bed. Who knows? Only thou knows."

Questions for Discussion

1. In testing a project in religious education what brief definition could you set up which would include the necessary factors? How far does the one here described measure up to your definition? Wherein is it lacking?

2. What reason do you find for listing the stages in the carrying on of a project?

3. Compare the steps as outlined by Hosic at the beginning of the article with those of Shaver. (*The Project Principle in Religious Education.*) If you were listing necessary "steps" in an educational project, what would you put down?

4. If "each class and each lesson" is different from every other, how can the report of what one teacher does with her group help another?

5. If you should adopt for an enterprise in your own community the aim this teacher had, how would you carry out steps III and IV?

THE CHILDHOOD OF JESUS[1]

An Experiment with Third-Grade Children

ADELAIDE TEAGUE CASE

My class and I had finished our year together and were making a final trip to the store to buy some toys for a sick friend in the South. The clerk in the store was Jewish, and as we came out I remarked that he belonged to the same race that Jesus belonged to. All the children seemed surprised. "But wasn't Jesus an American?" asked one of them in evident distress.

This incident worried me all summer long. In a Christian church school, children of the primary department (this group ranged from the second to the fifth grade) had quite failed to get any adequate picture of Jesus, although we had talked about him and sung about him constantly and celebrated the great days associated with his life. Was this, I asked myself, because he had been taught quite apart from his background, or was it because there had been little or no detailed presentation of the facts of his life? With the modern emphasis in our Sunday-school lessons on home relationships, better community life, and world friendship, is there not danger that we shall take the life of Jesus for granted and assume far too much knowledge and understanding on the part of the children we teach?

Those of us who are troubled in spirit over the easy way of making Jesus attractive to children through his powers of magic and wonder-working have, I feel sure, a great re-

[1] We appreciate the courtesy of the Union School of Religion, New York City, in granting permission to include this report.

sponsibility before us. Ours is the task of presenting the intrinsic values in the life of our Lord, his place in the social life of his own time, his growth in insight and spiritual power; and we must do this in such a way that later approaches to his personality will not destroy but fill out and enhance these early impressions.

With such thoughts in my mind, I found myself wondering if the childhood of Jesus could not be made the center of interest in a course for young children. Obviously there would be many values in helping boys and girls to visualize Jesus Christ as a boy in Nazareth. His background and manner of life would become clearer to the children as they saw him a child like themselves, helping his mother, running down the hills of Gallilee, playing with other children. Their interest in his later life and teaching would be greatly stimulated, if they could recognize him as a real boy living in Palestine two thousand years ago.

Not many months after the disturbing incident that I have recounted, I was asked to teach the third grade in an experimental Sunday school in New York City — a fine opportunity, it seemed to me, to try out the possibilities of a course on Jesus' boyhood. Accordingly we decided to make this the center of our work for three months. The boys and girls — there were about a dozen of them — entered quite happily into the plan, and we carried on a variety of activities, some, not all of them, of absorbing interest to the children. These are some of the things that we did:

1. We had a reading book

We used *The Beautiful Childhood* by Frances E. Boulting. From this I read aloud a chapter, or often less than a chapter, at a time, stopping for discussion and encouraging the children to draw the pictures that it suggested to their minds. For older children, I should have chosen the first part of *The Hidden Years* by John Oxenham or Albert E. Bailey's *On Nazareth Hill.*

2. We constructed the village of Nazareth

This activity was very much enjoyed and lasted a long time. After some discussion of the relative merits of making a synagogue, the house that Jesus lived in, or the village of Nazareth, the class decided to make the whole village, and asked the special art teacher in the school to help them. At her suggestion we looked at a number of pictures through the stereoscope (" telescope," the children insisted on calling it), including a panorama of Nazareth. We then drew " plans " of the village to serve as working drawings. On the basis of these plans the streets of the village were laid out in crayon on an immense sheet of brown paper placed on a low table around which the whole class could gather. Little by little the village took shape — in clay and cardboard and paper. Many questions came up. The children referred to pictures and asked each other's opinions. They did not forget the synagogue, the market-place, the well on the outskirts of the village, the common oven, a primitive mill. With some difficulty they erected around the village the hills where Jesus must have spent many pleasant hours. Some of the work was done individually, but a great deal of cooperation was necessary to fit the various component parts of the village together. Criticisms were exchanged freely. I noticed various behavior traits that were not apparent when we were drawing or listening to stories in the classroom.

3. We used Bible stories

The stories of Jesus' birth were familiar to most of the children in the class. Some of them knew about his trip to Jerusalem when he was twelve years old. I referred them, of course, to the one passage in Saint Luke's Gospel where his childhood in Nazareth is mentioned.

We exchanged with each other stories from the Old Testament that Jesus must have known when he was a boy, each one of us bringing in a list and adding to it from time to time.

In this connection I read or told a good many of the stories in Dean Hodges' two books, *The Garden of Eden* and *The Castle of Zion.*

One Sunday morning as pictures were being passed around, a member of the class made some slighting remark about Jesus as he was presented in a certain picture. Another child rebuked her, saying that wasn't a thing to joke about. Another child added that if they joked about Jesus, he would punish them when they met him "in the skies" after they died. I asked them if they really thought he would. One of the little girls replied in rather sanctimonious tones that Jesus loved and helped and forgave people. I added that he himself had told a story about punishment and forgiveness. "Do tell it," they said, and so I told — rather feebly and very freely — the story of the Prodigal Son. It was listened to with great interest and led to a good deal of lively conversation on present-day habits of treating offenses.

I wish that I could say that many of our stories were told as a result of actual happenings in the class session. If I had been more alert, I believe that I could have used a great many stories at appropriate moments. I am sure I missed many opportunities.

4. We visited a synagogue

We had been reading about Jesus and the synagogue in Nazareth, and I suggested the possibility of our visiting one of the synagogues in New York City where the traditions of orthodox worship are still in force. The next Saturday, in spite of a terrible ice storm, several of the children turned up, and we went together for part of a Sabbath morning service. The chanting in Hebrew, the ceremonial removal of the scroll from the ark, the gallery for the women, the prayer shawls and little caps worn by the men downstairs — all these things were noticed and commented upon. After the service, we were met by the rabbi of the synagogue, who explained

some features of the building and reminded us that Jewish worship was very much like this at the beginning of the Christian era. We met his little son too, about the age of the children in the class. As we went home, the children were full of exclamations of interest and of appreciation of the rabbi's kindness. All the morning I heard not one word of disparagement of the Jewish race, and this in spite of the fact that many of the children come from West Side homes, where I am afraid there is much prejudice and antagonism.

5. We took tests

One of the "tests" was brought into class with a good deal of hesitation. It was prepared by a graduate student at the university, doing research in children's ideas of God, and was in the form of a series of true and false statements under different topics. The statements were to be used orally, space being provided for recording the reactions of each member of the group, and, under each topic, for other statements that the children might add. I told the group quite frankly that a friend of mine had asked me to get opinions on some religious ideas from the members of our class. Four of them volunteered to help me. I was not in the least prepared for their interest and enthusiasm. I believe that all of them found it a high point in their Sunday-school experience. One of the parents told me afterwards that her young daughter had insisted on discussing theology with her father, who is a research scientist, during their Sunday dinner after this session!

The first set of questions was general on What God Is Like. Three of the children said *Yes* to the statement, "God is a great king sitting on a throne." One said positively *No*. They all agreed that "God was little like me once, but he grew up." Yet one member added this statement as her own, "God is a spirit, always in our heart."

To the statements on How Man Learns About God these

were added to those on the test: "Jesus told us about him"; "He came down to earth"; "Jesus wrote about him."

Two of the topics concerned Jesus' Relation to God and What Jesus Does for Us. No one was willing to commit himself on "Jesus is in heaven with his father and mother." They all answered *Yes* to "Jesus was a good man." All of them *No* to "Jesus was an Italian." All of them agreed that Jesus was a Jew, although one child qualified it by adding, "But he turned into a Christian," and another added, "But he didn't like the Jews." (This in spite of our trip to the synagogue!)

In the section, What Jesus Does for Us, they agreed that "Jesus shows us how to be good." Three answered *Yes* and one *No* to "Jesus is always near us and caring for us." To this set they added, "Jesus can't make an auto," and "Jesus has gone to heaven but he is not dead."

I have never taken part in any student discussion on religious ideas more vigorous and animated than the discussion provoked by this test among children about eight years old. Their frank uncertainties, the zest with which they maintained their differing opinions, their readiness to formulate their own ideas — all these were simply amazing to me. Apparently young children like to talk about theology!

Another and much simpler test was taken by the whole class. It was this:

Cross off all the wrong answers, leaving the right answer.

The Bible tells us that Jesus was born in
Bethlehem.
Jerusalem.
Nazareth.

His father's name was
John.
James.
Joseph.

His father's trade was that of a
tailor.
carpenter.
shoemaker.

a very great deal
In the Bible there is a very little about the childhood of Jesus.
nothing at all

Jew.
We know he was a American.
Greek.

the story of Joseph.
He learned Old Testament stories such as the story of Lazarus.
the story of Dr. Doolittle.

out in the country.
His house was in a large town.
in a small village.

Egypt.
The country in which Jesus lived was called Palestine.
Assyria.

twenty years old.
Jesus lived to be about seventy years old.
thirty-five years old.

Jesus' going to Jerusalem when he was a child.
On Palm Sunday we remember Jesus' going to Jerusalem a week before he died.
Jesus as a child in Nazareth.

Elijah on Mt. Carmel.
One of the stories that Jesus told was The Prodigal Son.
Golden Windows.

6. We read some original stories on the childhood of Jesus

These were the work of college students studying The Use of the Bible. I asked the children to give me their opinion of them. Would they be interesting to boys and girls of their age, or would they be better for younger or older children? In an unguarded moment I said that possibly we would have copies of the stories that they liked best typed out for their notebooks. They demanded, and got, all of them. The stories are too long to reproduce here. Two of them will give some idea of their character.

The Yoke

"Why does Jesus not come? Already we have waited long. Think you he has forgotten where our meeting place is?"

"Nay, Simeon, Jesus would not forget. He it was who thought of this shady nook under the fig tree for our gathering place each day. Let us go to his father's shop. Perhaps he has been delayed there."

After waiting a few moments longer, Jesus' friends, Thaddeus, James and Simeon, started slowly down the dusty road, idly discussing how they might spend the afternoon and finally reaching a decision just as they came in sight of the small shop of Joseph, the carpenter. Three shrill whistles were answered by a fourth from within the shop, and immediately a young lad appeared at the door.

"Why have you kept us waiting?" cried Simeon. "Come with us. We are going to the spring to see who can find the smoothest, roundest pebbles."

"I am sorry you have been delayed, but my mother and father are visiting our neighbor who is ill, and I must mind the shop till they return. Go on to the spring without me, and if they come soon, I will join you there."

"But it would be no fun without you," said Thaddeus. "Let the shop mind itself."

"You would not have me disobey my father, Thaddeus," responded Jesus, smiling. "But I know you were joking. As if a shop could mind itself!"

"Oh, well, I didn't want to go to the spring anyway. Let's stay here and play tag around the shop," James suggested, "and maybe Jesus will show us what his father is making now."

"Oh, yes," said Jesus. "See, it is a yoke for the oxen of Ezra who lives just outside of Nazareth. See how smooth it is. I am helping to make it"; and after displaying it to the boys, Jesus laid it back on the workbench. "Come now. Let us play. I'll try to catch you first."

With much shouting and laughter the game began. The workshop was such a splendid place for a game of tag! What fun it was to dodge around the workbench, or to roll under it and come out shouting on the other side! More and more exciting it grew. Never before had tag been so thrilling. Now Thaddeus was "it," and James, Simeon and Jesus danced about tantalizingly, just out of reach. Then Thaddeus dashed suddenly upon the group and in the unexpectedness of the assault, the four boys ran simultaneously against the workbench. It swayed and fell over on its side with a tremendous crash. The boys landed in a shouting heap, and laughed till they were so weak they could laugh no longer.

Finally they untangled themselves and began to set the shop to rights. When order had been restored Jesus and James together picked up the yoke on the bench, Jesus looking at it lovingly to see that no harm had come to it. Suddenly he cried out, "Look, 'tis cracked!" and truly, a long crack ran the length of it.

"It is not harmed," said Thaddeus stoutly. "Ezra will never notice it, if you don't tell him."

"Oh, but my father will," Jesus said simply. "He never sells aught that is not perfect."

"Let us leave it where it was, and see if he notices the crack," added Simeon. "It isn't very wide, and perhaps he will think the wood was imperfect when he started it. Anyhow, I'm tired of playing tag. Let us go to the spring as we had planned."

"Your father and mother are coming now. Call to them, Jesus, to tell them where we are going, and come along," said James from the doorway; and seizing Jesus by the arms the boys hurried away, scarcely giving him time to tell his parents of his destination.

But the spring was not so cool as usual; all the pebbles they found were sharp and ugly; and finally the boys started slowly homeward.

Jesus reluctantly and hesitantly walked up the path to the door of his home just as the evening meal was being served; and without his usual merry greeting, he joined

the family group. His mother looked at him closely; but, wise mother that she was, she made no comment on his strange behavior. Joseph, his father, looked tired and sad, but he greeted Jesus with a smile and said, "Son, your work and mine of the last few days has been to no purpose. I saw today that the wood of which we are making the yoke for Ezra's oxen has a long crack in it, and we shall have to start over again in the morning. My eyes seem not so good as in past years. You with your young eyes will have to watch more closely next time."

Jesus was silent, but there was such a lump in his throat that he could not swallow his food. Mary watched him anxiously, fearing he was ill. When the meal was finished, Jesus tried to engage in the usual evening romp with the rest of the children, but although Joseph had gone up to the roof to watch the setting sun, Jesus could see nothing but the sad look on his father's face. Finally leaving his brothers, he ascended to the roof and stood by his father's side.

"Father," he said softly, "father, we boys broke the yoke this afternoon when we were playing at tag in the shop." Then he told the whole story, and when he had finished his father turned and said, "Why did you tell me this? I should never have known."

Jesus answered, "Because I felt unworthy of being your son, and could not bear to have you think I was what I was not." Then he added, "And now, father, will you let me make all of the new one?"

But Joseph smiled and said, "Nay, my son, you have not yet enough skill, but you may help"; and together they watched the red and blue and purple and gold of the sunset fade into gray.

This story led to some interesting conversation on owning up. Several of the children had incidents to relate. They too had had lumps in their throats and felt very miserable when they were trying to conceal things from their parents.

The next story, "Growing Up," was considered a little

young for third-graders. One boy said that he thought his younger brother would like it. But they all voted for copies for their notebooks.

Growing Up

There was one thing that Jesus wanted more than anything else in the world and that was a little baby brother. "Mother," he asked, "why can't I have a little brother like David's? I want one, mother!"

His mother smiled as she kissed him and said, "Perhaps you will have some day, little son, but first you must learn to take care of yourself and help me all you can, for it would not do to have two babies in the family."

"Oh, I can take care of myself, mother!" said Jesus.

He really did want to, and he began that very day by helping his mother grind the grain between two stones to make flour. After it was ground he watched her for a while as she made the flour into dough for bread, but soon he decided to build a carpenter shop with his blocks.

Jesus' father was a carpenter and whenever he had any small pieces of wood that he couldn't use, he would give them to Jesus to play with. Jesus loved to make things with the blocks. Sometimes he played he was a merchant in the market place and sold the pieces of wood to imaginary people who came to bargain with him. Sometimes he built houses like his own tiny mud home, and again he would try to make a synagogue. He played happily for a long time this afternoon but by and by he grew tired and went to stand in the doorway of his home. As he stood looking out at the field of flowers that grew around the house, he saw a lovely butterfly flitting from flower to flower. Jesus ran eagerly out of the house into the field to examine the butterfly more closely. He hurried quickly from this flower to that, but always the butterfly was just one flower ahead of him.

Presently his mother came into the room, expecting to prepare the evening meal of milk and bread and honey. She found Jesus' blocks scattered all over the room, where he had left them when he ran to see the butterfly. Mary

was in a hurry, for she knew that Joseph would come in soon, tired and hungry from a hard day's work in the carpenter shop. She did not have time to see where Jesus was, so although she was very tired herself she had to pick up all the blocks and pile them neatly in one corner of the room, lest some one should step on them and hurt his foot or turn his ankle.

Very soon Joseph came in and the meal was ready. Mary went to the door and called her son. He came running towards her with a happy light in his eyes.

"Mother," he cried, all out of breath, "I have been watching the loveliest butterfly! I never saw one like it before. I wonder what kind it is?"

"I hope you didn't catch him, my son, for a butterfly lives for such a little while that it seems too bad to make his life any shorter."

"I tried to catch him," admitted Jesus, "but I couldn't."

That evening when Jesus was all ready for bed he came to sit in his mother's lap and beg her to tell him a story.

Instead of telling him a story his mother said, "I guess it is a good thing that we don't have that little brother you were asking for this morning, for I don't see how I could take care of two babies at once."

"O mother, I know! You mean that I forgot to put away my blocks today. I am so sorry. If I had a baby brother I think it would help me to remember."

"It would be easier if you learned to remember before the baby came," replied his mother.

"I will try very hard," promised Jesus.

He did try very hard for the next two or three weeks, and he forgot only once when a man from a distant city came riding up to the house on a camel to see his father about making a special kind of yoke for his oxen. Jesus had seen only a few camels in his short life, for they did not live on the main road and they seldom passed his home. It was not surprising that this chance to see the strange animal so close at hand made him forget his promise.

One morning very early his father called him and said, " My son, come quickly. We have a surprise for you."

" What is it, father? " he cried.

His father took his hand and led him to a corner of the room where his mother lay on her mat on the floor. When Jesus reached her side she pulled back the blanket and there beside her lay a tiny baby. Jesus knelt and looked at it in wonder for a moment and then whispered, " Is it a baby brother? "

His mother nodded as she kissed him and said, " His name is James."

" How glad I am that I learned to put away my things before he came, for now you will have just one baby to care for," said Jesus.

7. We wrote some original stories

After reading the stories written by college students, I suggested that perhaps the children themselves would like to make up some stories of things that might have happened to Jesus when he was a boy. A number of stories were turned in. Although they are full of amusing inaccuracies, they do show an attempt to meditate on Jesus as a boy, to see him struggling with problems akin to their own. I think that some real sense of fellowship with him was created by the construction of stories such as these.

Jesus and the Lamb

One day when Jesus was out playing he saw a stray lamb, and he wondered where it belonged. At last he decided that he would go to a farm near by and ask the people if it belonged to them. They said it wasn't theirs, but they knew whom it belonged to by the market. Jesus asked if they would take him to the place where it belonged. They said they would, and so they did. And when they saw their own lamb they gave Jesus a box of candy, and they were the best friends ever after.

An Imaginary Story of Jesus

Once Mary was sitting on the porch with Jesus in her arms. She had so much to do she did not know what to do with Jesus. Soon Mary said she would put Jesus in his crib in Joseph's workshop, and Joseph could sing Jesus to sleep. So Joseph sang Jesus to sleep.

Soon Joseph came home with Jesus. Joseph had his hands behind his back. He said to Mary, "Which hand do you take?" "The right," said Mary. Joseph took out his right hand from behind his back. There was a wooden bowl. "Oh, thank you, Joseph, very much. We can give the bowl to Jesus to put his milk in." So they used the bowl to put Jesus' milk in.

A Speck in His Brother's Eye

One day Jesus and his brother and some other boys were playing merrily with a hoop, when suddenly a gust of wind blew towards the boys. Jesus' brother said, "Oh, I have gotten a speck of dirt in my eye!" Then the other boys replied, "Oh, never mind." "Oh, but it hurts badly," said Jesus' brother. Jesus said, "Let me see it." When he looked at it, he said, "Oh, it is very bad, we must go home and show mother. Come, brother, let us go home."

As they departed the boys heard Jesus saying, "Shut your eyes and I will lead you. Now doesn't it feel better?"

When they got home their mother called the doctor and soon Jesus' brother was all right.

The course ended with an exhibit of pictures, stories, the village of Nazareth, and our notebooks. One of the boys who had entered heartily into the work of the group, helped me put out the things, suggesting suitable explanatory labels to be typed for each one. As I looked at the exhibit and thought of the three months behind us, I saw that we had failed at ever so many points. On the other hand we had

taken time to look at Jesus Christ; we had thought about him and wondered about him. Perhaps we had taken the first steps in a loyalty that would continue to grow, because it was a living thing.

Questions for Discussion

1. Besides *The Beautiful Childhood* and possibly the first chapters in *The Hidden Years,* what other source material, valuable in such a project, has recently been published in magazine or book form, or in courses? What new illustrative material has appeared which would be of value?

2. What is your judgment of the use of such tests as are here described?

3. What suggestions have you for following up the uncertainties discovered and the interest aroused through these tests?

4. Which of the children's responses reveal, to you, the greatest need?

5. Would it be better to (1) correct erroneous ideas on the spot, (2) trust to a gradual enlightenment through education, or (3) stop and discuss the various ideas, helping the children to think through their own solutions? Give your reasons.

6. What are the hazards in any of these methods of procedure?

7. Make out a test for your own primary group and state how it might help in your teaching.

8. Is it wise to encourage children to think of Jesus' development as being like their own, a process of growth through struggle and constant learning? Give reasons for your answer.

9. What encouragements to original thinking are found in the record?

10. What influence on a child's later thought of Jesus would a study like this tend to have?

A CHINESE PLAY

JEANETTE E. PERKINS

FIRST MEETING

They had been playing Chinese games. The boys had "Skinned the Snake" again and again. "Eating the Fish's Tail" had been especially hard on the "mouth" and the "tail," but "Hawk Catching Young Chicks" finally exhausted the entire troupe.

"I know a story — " ventured the leader of the group, and the children dropped in their tracks on the instant, "about a Chinese boy named Four. They called him that because he was the fourth little boy to arrive in the family. He saw a presidential procession go by one day, and immediately made up his mind what he would be when he should be a man. There were dozens and dozens of soldiers in the procession, and then came the president. He looked very dignified and important as he bowed to the right and the left, and the guards surrounding him were especially grand.

"'When I grow up,' said Four, 'I'm going to be the president of China.'"

She proceeded to tell the following story:

Big Brother's Ambition[1]

Once there was a Chinese boy whom his brothers and sisters called Big Brother, but his name was Four. As he was the fourth little boy to arrive, all his aunts and uncles and his parents, too, called him Four, or sometimes Little Four. One day he sat out in the courtyard with little sister Orchid beside him, making some jackstones.

[1] From *They Love Him Too,* by Katherine S. Hazeltine, Missionary Education Movement. Price, ten cents.

"Orchid," he said, "I intend to be president of China when I grow up. Everybody will wait on me and do exactly what I tell them. I shall be very, very rich, of course, and have everything I wish. I shall have lots of soldiers. They will do everything I say. If they don't, I'll just look at them, so" — and he scowled so terribly that Orchid looked frightened. Then he laughed and went on polishing his stones. Two were already done and Orchid held one in each hand.

Just then they heard their Cousin Wang call "Four!" and Big Brother ran to see what was wanted. As he did not come back, Orchid finished the stone as best she could by herself. Then she and Apricot had a happy game by themselves.

They were very much surprised and quite frightened, too, when Cousin Wang came in carrying Big Brother. His new trousers were torn and stained, and one leg hung limply down.

"Don't cry," said Big Brother, opening his eyes and trying to smile.

Cousin Wang laid him down on his hard brick bed and went away to get a man from another village to come and put some medicine on his leg. "He fell off my cart when he was riding with me," Cousin Wang explained, "and the wheel went over his leg."

Poor Big Brother lay on the brick bed for two days. The strange looking medicine put on his leg did not make it one single bit better. He did not cry, but he felt like it sometimes when he thought that he could not be president now, because no one with a lame leg could be president. That morning he might even have cried a very little if Apricot and Orchid had not come running in, followed by a man and a boy and a great, clumsy, brown animal he called a bear. Big Brother's eyes brightened. If there were any tears, he winked them away. When the bear had finished, the boy began to turn somersaults, and bend over backward

until his head touched the ground. Everybody shouted, "Oh, what a wonderful boy!"

Poor Big Brother swallowed a great big lump in his throat.

"That's nothing," said the man. "I had another boy twice as good as this, but he hurt his leg and I had to take him to Pangchwang to get cured."

"What? What?" cried father and grandfather and Big Brother and all the cousins.

"Why, don't you know about it? Pangchwang is only twenty miles away. That's where the foreign hospital is. There they make the blind see and the lame walk. I thought everybody knew about that."

Then there was great excitement. Big Brother had never heard of a hospital or people who could make the lame walk. The man with the bear told about the hospital, while father and mother made ready the bullock cart.

That afternoon the foreign doctors took Big Brother into a queer room, all glass, even glass in the roof. Before they did anything, they all shut their eyes and put down their heads and stopped talking — all but one man, the foreign doctor, who seemed to talk to somebody Big Brother could not see. The only words he could understand were, "Make this little boy well and give him strength."

The next thing Big Brother knew he was lying on a soft white bed, in a quiet room. There beside him sat his mother, smiling to see that he was awake.

"Now you will get well, Big Brother," she said.

"Oh," he smiled, "now I can be president!" and went right off to sleep.

Next time he woke up it was light. He could see all about his room. On the wall hung a large colored picture. There was a man in it dressed in white, and in front of him were some people all holding out their hands to him. One man was leaning on a crutch. "Oh," thought Big Brother, "he is lame, just like me." Another had a little boy with him who was showing him the way because he was blind.

The face of the man dressed in white was very, very kind.

Big Brother grew so interested that as soon as the nurse came he forgot that she was strange and called out, "O nurse, who is that man in the picture?"

The nurse sat down on the bed by Big Brother and told him the story of Jesus. Big Brother had never heard it before. "Tell me some more," he said when the nurse stopped.

"By and by," she answered.

All through the long weeks Big Brother was never tired of looking at the wonderful picture or of hearing how Jesus gave all his time to helping people do better; and how, because other people, like the good doctor who was making his leg as good as new, loved Him, they had come across the sea to China to take care of sick boys and girls and to tell them all how much Jesus loved them and wanted them to love Him. "Well," Big Brother said, "I do love him, and I shall tell Apricot and Orchid and Cousin Wang and everybody about it just as soon as ever I get home." And he resolved to be as much like him as he could.

It was a very happy day when Big Brother left the hospital. How glad he was to be home! Orchid and Apricot danced about him, while he showed the little book that told all about Jesus, which he had learned to read at the hospital, and from which he read a little now, just to show them he could.

"Oh, *now* you can be president!" laughed Orchid.

Why, so he could. His leg was quite well. He had been so much interested in Jesus that he had forgotten that now he could be president. Wasn't it jolly? That night, after the others were asleep as they lay on their warm brick bed, Big Brother began to think about being president, and having everything he wished, and everybody waiting on him, and doing everything he said.

"Jesus did not," he thought, "and I want to be like

Jesus. Nobody waited on him. He helped everybody else. It is just as different as can be, this plan to be a president. And I have *always planned* to be president!" he sighed, and tried to go to sleep.

Next morning while he helped his mother as the boys at the hospital did, he told them about the hospital where everybody helped, and how the big doctor spent all his time going about caring for sick people just as Jesus would do.

"Aren't you glad you went there!" exclaimed Apricot.

"Just think, if you hadn't gone there and been cured, you could never grow up to be a great man and be president!" put in Orchid.

And Big Brother thought to himself, though he did not say it out loud, "If the hospital people had not loved Jesus enough to come to China, there would never have been any hospital here, and my leg would never have been better and I should never have known he loved me." This decided Big Brother. He would try to do as Jesus did, too. He swallowed hard; that lump would stick in his throat. He did wish to be a great man.

"I," he began slowly, "I don't — I am not going to be a president."

Mother and Apricot and Orchid were too surprised to speak.

"I am going to be like Jesus as much as I can. He helped folks, you know, and waited on them."

"You won't be a great man, you — you'll be just like a servant," gasped Apricot.

"But perhaps," as a big idea came to him, "I'll be a doctor instead, and cure sick folks like the hospital people."

Recalling the Pictures

STORY-TELLER (*at the close*): Would you like to act it out?
CHORUS: Oh, yes!
I want to be Four.

May I be Apricot?
I'll be the boy that turns somersaults.
I'll be the dancing bear!

STORY-TELLER: What scenes should we need? What would be the first of all?

CHORUS: The procession.

SEVERAL: I'll be the president!

STORY-TELLER: And after the procession?

CHILD: Where he hurts his leg.

STORY-TELLER: And then?

CHILD: His mother and father come and send for the doctor that makes the leg hurt more.

ANOTHER: Then the man with the trained bear and the boy that turns somersaults comes and tells about the hospital.

ANOTHER: Then they make a stretcher for him and carry him to the hospital.

STORY-TELLER: At the hospital what do they do?

CHILD: They give him gas and fix his leg.

STORY-TELLER: And when he comes to himself what does he see?

CHILD: His mother. She tells him his leg is all well now. So he thinks he can be president. Then he goes to sleep.

STORY-TELLER: And when he wakes again what does he see?

CHILD: The picture on the wall. And when the nurse comes in he asks her what it is. She tells him about Jesus.

ANOTHER: She might give him a book that some children in America had made for a hospital over there. (*It was found out afterward that such a book had been sent from another group to which this child had belonged.*)

ANOTHER: He couldn't read it.

ANOTHER: She could teach him to read.

ANOTHER: It could have the pictures of Jesus in it.

STORY-TELLER: After the hospital scene, what then?

CHILD: He goes home, all well.

ANOTHER: He could take his book with him. He could read the stories to the rest.

STORY-TELLER: And how would the play end?
CHILD: Where he tells them he isn't going to be president.
STORY-TELLER: Is that quite a surprise?
CHILD: Yes, they tell him he'll be like a servant.
ANOTHER: But he doesn't care. He says he'll be a doctor in the hospital.
STORY-TELLER: Is that a good ending? We haven't any curtains, you know. How shall we get the people off the "stage"?
CHILD: They could go out.
ANOTHER: Four could say, "Come on out and I'll show you my book!"

Working Out Some of the Scenes

I. The Procession

STORY-TELLER: First of all, then, is the presidential procession. Who'll be in that? Who will be president? Would you march? How far will you go? (*These questions were answered at once by vivid demonstrations.*)
CHILD: I'll be president. (*Placed himself at head of line.*)
ANOTHER: The president wouldn't walk at the head. Soldiers would come first. (*Soldiers changed positions.*)
STORY-TELLER: Where will you march? Where shall Four stand? Who will be Four?
ADRIAN: I'll be Four.
GIRL: I'll be Apricot.
ANOTHER: I'll be Orchid.
ADRIAN: What are the other sisters' names?
STORY-TELLER: The story doesn't say.
ADRIAN: Let's call 'em Apple Blossom and White Pearl. We'll all stand on the side here, watching. (*Two more girls volunteered, as well as mother, father, uncles and aunts.*)
STORY-TELLER: Shall you say anything as the procession goes by?

CHILD: Four says he's going to be a president some day.

ADRIAN: Not just at first. We'll wave our hands and shout, "Hurrah!" Then after it's passed I'll say that. (*They demonstrated.*)

STORY-TELLER: How will any one know when the scene is finished?

SISTERS: We'll walk off after the procession.

ADRIAN: I can be talking while we walk off, and you girls talk, too. Come on, let's do it. (*Procession formed; Four and his family stood at one side, hurrahing and waving as president bowed to all.*)

FOUR (ADRIAN, *after procession had passed*): When I grow up I'm going to be president of China. I'll be very rich, and live in a big house and have servants to wait on me, and lots of soldiers, and if they don't do as I say I'll scowl at them (*demonstrating horribly, and starting in direction of procession*).

APRICOT (*as they all moved off*): Oh, won't that be wonderful to have our brother president of China!

ORCHID: Oh, yes, we'd like that! (*Exeunt.*)

II. The Broken Leg

(Adapting the story to requirements of the drama.)

STORY-TELLER: How did Four break his leg?

CHILD: He fell off his cousin Wang's cart.

STORY-TELLER: We haven't any cart; could he break it another way?

CHILD: We could all be playing and he could fall down and break his leg.

STORY-TELLER: Any special game?

CHILD: Oh, one of the ones we've just been playing. That last one was rough enough. Mary really did fall down!

MISSIONARY'S DAUGHTER (*born in China*): The boys there play a game with a feather in a cork. They kick it with the side of their heel, and keep it in the air. Maybe he

could lose his balance and fall down while his foot was turned. (*Demonstrated.*)

Followed a description of the toy, and the method of keeping it in the air. All children tried their skill in kicking a small object with the inner side of the heel, and keeping it in the air by repeated kicks. Not very successful, but Four was instructed to break his leg that way. This whole scene was then acted, ending with the futile and painful treatments of the native doctor.

III. In the Hospital

(Introducing the American picture-book.)

STORY-TELLER: When he wakes the second time what does he do?

ADRIAN: First he sees the picture on the wall.

STORY-TELLER: Shall we have a real picture? We haven't any wall!

CHILD: I'll be the wall and hold up the picture. (*Took her place as Wall.*)

CHILD: Now the nurse comes in. I'll be the nurse.

STORY-TELLER: All right; let's see what happens. (*Nurse entered.*)

Four pointed to picture on Wall.

FOUR: Nurse, who's the man in that picture? What's he doing?

NURSE: That is Jesus. He is healing sick people. He made lame people walk, and blind people see and sick people well.

FOUR: Tell me about him. (*Awkward pause.*)

CHILD (*sympathizing with Nurse's hesitation*): She could go and get the book and show him the pictures.

OTHERS: Yes, she can say she has a whole book of stories and he can look at the pictures. (*Nurse repeated this. Four responded with, "Oh, I'd like that," and Bible picture-book was brought in.*)

STORY-TELLER: How is Four to know where the book comes from?

ADRIAN: I'll have to ask her (*falling into his part, looking at the pictures*). Oh, I like this book! Where did you get it?

NURSE: Some children in America made it for us to give you.

FOUR: Oh, I'm glad. May I keep it and take it home?

NURSE: Surely you may.

FOUR: What does it say under the pictures, nurse? (*Nurse reads titles.*)

FOUR: I wish I could read. Will you teach me, nurse?

NURSE: If I have time I will.

After Acting the Story

STORY-TELLER: Do you suppose some of you could write out this play, showing what scenes are needed, and what is done?

Two girls and a boy immediately volunteered, while all the children wished to meet another day to hear the plays, criticize them and play the story again. To the suggestion that the group informally act it for their older friends, playing some Chinese games for them, as well — in fact, having a kind of "Chinese party" — the children joyfully agreed.

SECOND MEETING

The three plays handed in prove again the value of dramatization for fixing a story in children's minds. This story was told only once, yet the scenes stand out clear and distinct, for they were actually lived.

The first child merely listed these scenes: Scene 1: Children out playing. The broken leg. Scene 2: Doctor who makes his leg hurt more. Scene 3: The man with the bear and boy. Scene 4: Carrying him to the hospital. Scene 5: The picture of Jesus. Scene 6: The nurse telling him stories.

Scene 7: Going home. Scene 8: The children meeting him. Scene 9: The boy telling them he is not going to be president.

The other two were as follows:

The Boy Who Was Going to Be President

By Adrian McCarl, Aged Ten

Scene 1

Country — China. Place — a street.

The president and soldiers passing. A group of children watching. Among them Four and his sisters.

FOUR (*when procession has passed*): When I grow up I am going to be president and have servants and have a lot of money and live in a big house and have lots of soldiers at my command; and if they don't obey me I will *scowl* at them.

TWO SISTERS: That would be very nice to have our brother Four be president. (*All go out.*)

Scene 2

In the Yard

Four, his sisters, and some friends are playing a game together. Four falls down and cries very hard. He has broken his leg.

FOUR: I have broken my leg. Now I can't be president.

His relatives come at once, send for doctor, carrying him into the house.

Scene 3

In the House

Parents summon native doctor from another village. Doctor mixes some strange medicine and puts it on Four's leg.

FOUR: Ouch! my leg. Oh, how it hurts!

FOUR (*after an hour or two*): Oh, my leg! It isn't any better.

Scene 4

In the Street

A man with a dancing bear and a boy who does somersaults and handsprings. Children and grown-ups watch the boy as he does his stunts and all say "Wonderful!"

FOUR: Nobody will ever call me wonderful because I have a broken leg and can't do those stunts or be president either.

Two sisters call to the man that has the bear and the boy to come and do their stunts before Four.

RELATIVES: What a wonderful boy!

MAN WITH THE BOY AND BEAR: I had one twice as good but he broke his leg and I had to send him to the hospital at Pangchwang where they cure the sick, make the blind to see and the lame to walk.

RELATIVES: Where? How far from here?

MAN WITH THE BOY AND BEAR: About twenty miles from here. You could carry him.

Relatives make a stretcher and put Four on it and carry him to the hospital.

Scene 5

In the Hospital

Four goes to sleep. When he wakes up his mother is by the bedside.

MOTHER: The doctor said he could fix your leg so you will be all well.

FOUR: Hurrah! Now I can be president.

MOTHER: You want to be president?

FOUR: Sure I want to be president. I made up my mind to that long ago.

Mother goes away and Four goes to sleep. Four wakes up and sees a picture hanging above his head on the wall. The picture shows a man standing in the midst of a crowd of peo-

ple with their arms outstretched toward him. Some of the people are blind, others are sick and others are lame. Nurse comes into the room and comes over to Four's bed.

FOUR: What is that man in the picture doing? What is his name? Why do the people stretch their arms toward him?

NURSE: That man in the picture is curing the sick. His name is Jesus. The people stretch their arms out to him because they want to be cured too like the others.

FOUR: Tell me some stories about Jesus.

Nurse tells Four stories about Jesus.

FOUR: Please tell me some more stories.

NURSE: I can't tell you any more stories now because I haven't time, but some other time I will and will bring you a book with some nice pictures about Jesus in it.

Four goes to sleep. He wakes up and the nurse comes in with the book.

FOUR: Where did you get the book?

NURSE: The children in America sent this book to you so you could learn about Jesus.

FOUR: Let me see the pictures.

NURSE: Surely I will.

FOUR: Oh, what beautiful pictures! What does it say at the bottom of them? I can't read. Will you teach me?

NURSE: I will if I can.

Nurse teaches him to read and Four gets well enough to walk home. He takes the book with him.

Scene 6

At Home

Relatives and friends see Four walking home.

TWO SISTERS: Now Four is well and he can be president.

RELATIVES: Oh, look! Four can walk, and look at the book he has too!

FOUR: See, I am all well and I have a fine book with lots of pictures about Jesus.
RELATIVES: Who is Jesus?
FOUR: Jesus is a very nice man. He is kind and good. He makes people well too.

Four one day was helping his mother with the housework when she began talking with him.

MOTHER: You are going to be president, aren't you, Four?
FOUR: I don't know, mother, as I want to be. I would like to be like Jesus, always being good and helping people.
MOTHER: Don't want to be president?
FOUR: No, mother, I don't want to be president. I am going to be like Jesus.

Four

By Florence Hillar, Aged Twelve

Characters: Four; Orchid; Nurse; Mother; Apricot; Organ Grinder; President; Relatives; Doctor; Father; Children; Soldiers.

Scene 1

Street in China. A presidential procession passing. Children watching the parade.

FOUR: When I grow up I'm going to be president and live in a large house with many servants and soldiers. If they don't obey me, I will scowl at them.
ORCHID: How wonderful it would be if our brother should be a president!
APRICOT: Yes, wouldn't it?

Parade passes. Children begin playing. Suddenly they hear Four crying.

FOUR: I've broken my leg! I've broken my leg, and now I can't be president!

Quickly as possible they run and tell his mother. Native doctor is called and gives native treatment which does no good, only making matters worse.

Scene 2

Animal trainer appears coming down the street with a tame bear and a boy turning somersaults and handsprings. Four's sisters see him and ask him to come in and perform before their brother. On seeing the invalid the animal trainer says,—

ANIMAL TRAINER: Once I had a boy that used to go with me, but one day while turning handsprings he broke his leg, so I sent him to the hospital and now he is able to walk as before.
RELATIVES: What, walk again?
FOUR: Where is this hospital?
ANIMAL TRAINER: In a town about twenty miles from here.

Scene 3

Hospital room

When Four awakens from the gas that has been given him he finds his mother bending over him.

MOTHER: Now, son, your leg is set and you will be able to walk again.

When he awakens from the second dose of gas he sees the picture of Jesus healing the sick. As nurse passes through room—

FOUR: Please tell me what that picture is.
NURSE: That is a picture of Jesus healing the sick.
FOUR: Won't you tell me some stories about him?

Nurse tells some stories of Jesus blessing and healing the little children. By and by she brings him a scrapbook with pictures of Jesus. Four takes the book eagerly and looks at the pictures with interest.

FOUR: Where did the book come from?

NURSE: The children in America sent it to the hospital to teach the children about Christ.

When Four was ready to go home, his only thought was that of helping others.

Scene 4

When Four reaches home his parents, sisters and relatives come to meet him with shouts of joy.

SISTERS: Now, Four, you can be president.

But with a little choke in his voice he says —

FOUR: I'm not going to be president!
ORCHID: What, not going to be president!
FOUR: No, I'm going to be as near like this man as I can.

Shows his sisters the pictures of Jesus which the nurse had given him.

APRICOT: But you will be a servant then instead of having them wait on you.
FOUR: I know, but when I grow up I'm going to be a doctor perhaps in the hospital where I was made well.

At the mention of Four's ambition to be a great ruler, the missionary's daughter remarked, "I think that Four was thinking of the old-fashioned emperors they used to have in China. They have presidents now, and they're different."

This was an excellent criticism of the story as told. "President" had been made a synonym for a selfish, luxury-loving and tyrannical ruler, and the impression left was that of the impossibility of a president's being in any way like Jesus. (See Adrian's last speech.) This impression was corrected, the best of the two plays were put together, and the story played again.

Questions for Discussion

1. What, if any, are the disadvantages, educationally speaking, of having children of various ages in one class?

2. What, if any, are the advantages?

3. Lack of time prevented the development of a project which might have covered a number of weeks, and through which the children might have learned a variety of facts and accomplishments. How, for instance, could the learning of Chinese games and kite-making have been brought about naturally?

4. What values would have come out of such learning?

5. What point in the story or activities might lead to the desire to find out about Chinese homes and customs, about the work of hospitals?

6. What features might suggest doing or making something to contribute to the work of a hospital or a mission school?

7. What possibilities for worth-while activities can you see in the development of such an enterprise?

COMPOSING OUR EASTER SONG

FLORENCE A. MORRISON

The satisfaction of having actually made something is very real for most of us. No matter of how little value the thing produced, the joy of having really created it is keen. To create a song — this was a new experience for our third-grade class — and what a source of pleasure the few resulting measures have been! Puerile it may seem from an adult viewpoint, but it is a natural expression.

The first step was to write the words of the first stanza. Oh, there were so many things one might say about Easter and the springtime!

"What, of all these things, makes you the very happiest?" I asked, trying to reach a starting point.

"Easter Day is here," came a straightforward response — very good for a tentative first line.

The next line, then, must end with a word rhyming with "here." As the children suggested such words they were written down for reference. The minute "year" was mentioned Margaret gave us our second line: "It is the happiest time of the year."

The second line was written and the two read. Instantly came this objection from Jeanne, "The second one is too long. It doesn't match the first."

"Let's make the first one longer," was Jimmie's sensible suggestion. "Easter, glad Easter Day is here," would be better.

Now how did they sound? Every one read them with real satisfaction, so we decided to proceed. There was a pause.

"Why do we have Easter?" I ventured.

"Because Jesus is risen," was Arthur's response.

"Don't we want to put that in our song?" I asked.

So the words, "Jesus is risen," formed the first part of the third line, but something was needed to complete it.

After but a moment's thought Sarah Anne brought forth the solution: "Jesus is risen, with hope to us given."

We read the three lines aloud.

"How do we feel about the Easter time?" I offered.

At this point Betty came out with the most spontaneous, I think, of the four lines: "I am glad! I am glad!" Notice that the plural pronoun was dropped; the feeling had become personal.

Here, then, was the first stanza complete:

Easter, glad Easter Day is here;
It is the happiest time of the year.
Jesus is risen, with hope to us given.
I am glad! I am glad!

Now for a tune to fit the stanza. Here a certain diffidence had to be overcome. The problem was to sing a tune to fit the words of the first line, but the children were shy about singing alone. I repeated the words of the line several times slowly and rhythmically to bring out the pulses. Haltingly and timidly several tunes were offered, each one of which I wrote on a piece of score paper. When the one was given that was finally incorporated into the song, the children saw immediately that it was the best. It was surprising how quickly they distinguished between good and poor. Little by little their reticence vanished, making a one-at-a-time rule necessary, and the tune was finished within a short time.

At a request from Sarah Anne, "Play it," I complied. (We had not used the piano at all in composing the song.)

"Now, let's sing it," several asked at once, and with what gusto they did sing!

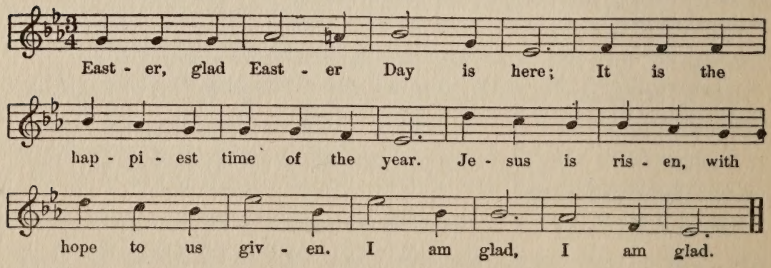
On Easter Day we used it as part of the department service. Those who could see the faces of the children as they sang say that enjoyment was written on every feature.

Perhaps it would save time for those who wish to try this to cite three phases of the melody-making which might require special treatment.

(1) Some children do not have a natural feeling for rhythm, but in order to make a rhythmic tune they must feel the pulsation of the words. If the teacher repeats the line or phrase several times while the children are thinking of a tune — slowly bringing out the accented beats — that rhythm will be impressed upon their minds. When the tune comes out, it will probably be accented in the right places.

(2) Children have a tendency toward ending all their melody phrases on the same tone — most frequently on *do*. Singing or playing simple folk tunes with special reference to the phrase endings will show that these charming songs do not give a feeling of finality at the end of every phrase.

(3) Perhaps the children will show an inclination toward confining their melodies within a narrow range of tones. It is true that some very beautiful airs do not cover a wide range, but those which children compose are liable to be monotonous unless a variety of tones is introduced. In trying to meet this problem, I made a very elementary suggestion, but it worked: "When we are telling of something which makes us very happy, our speaking voices are pitched higher; so in music, when we are singing about something joyous, the melody rises." It served to take us away from the five tones which comprise the first phrases of the tune.



Questions for Discussion

1. What appreciations can grow out of such an activity as described? What understanding is gained?

2. Of the various kinds of satisfaction the children probably derived from their group effort, which have religious value?

3. Think of the most recent session in your church school and the outcomes desired from the class period. Would the making by the class of a song, poem, story, prayer, psalm, have helped to bring them about?

4. Do you know how much creative work the children in your group are doing in school and at home? What classes in your community could you visit to observe how such originality is encouraged? What school magazines in the secular field make a practice of reporting children's original work? In the religious field?

5. If you cannot write music, and your group were to compose a song, on whom could you call to write down and so preserve an original tune?

VIRGINIA AND VERMONT FRIENDSHIP ENTERPRISE

JEANETTE E. PERKINS

January

1. The accidental start: A toy automobile, loaded with bundles, suit-cases, fictitious packages of lunch and paper-doll passengers. This was sent to the leader of a Vermont class of third-grade children as an invitation to be a real passenger in a real car bound for a two weeks' trip to Virginia in June. The objective was a tiny hollow in the Blue Ridge Mountains, fourteen miles from Luray. We were to visit our friend and fellow student, who was the district worker under the rector in Luray.

The toy automobile was a source of joy among the small boys who discovered it in the leader's house. Immediate interest in her trip was aroused, for which the toy was entirely responsible.

2. The following Sunday, the boys who had seen the automobile gleefully described it to the rest of the class, who wanted to see it, too. We speculated as to what it would be "like down there."

February

3. Something reminded the two boys who had seen it of the toy automobile. There was more talk about the trip. Before Christmas the children had made toys from wood and Upson board, and they had wanted to go on with the work after Christmas. Now they suddenly asked if they couldn't make toys for the leader to take to the children in Virginia "from our class."

The leader suggested that the Virginia children didn't even know of our existence. They would be surprised suddenly to receive a box of toys from us. Was there anything we could do to show that we wanted to make friends with them first? "We could send them valentines!" Accordingly valentines were made and sent.

4. Preparations for a large party given by the class involved the making of paper caps for all the guests. There were many left over, which the children suggested sending with the leader to Virginia.

5. The leader wrote to Virginia for pictures and other descriptive material which would interest the Vermont group.

6. The children learned how to make decorative covers for their scrapbooks or notebooks. Later this knowledge was used for Virginia books.

April

7. Two or three dozen kodak pictures of Pine Grove Hollow came to Vermont. They showed the church, community house, or social hall; the house where the district worker boarded last year and the children who lived in it; the new house just built for her, where she would entertain our party in June; groups of boys and girls, babies and mothers, homes and the schoolhouse, wagons fording streams, or nearly stuck in mud; the minister in his study in Luray, and on a horseback trip among his mountain people; one of his Sunday-school superintendents and a 'possum; a persimmon tree with fruit on it. A box of persimmons accompanied the pictures.

By the time the class had read the descriptions of buildings, and the names, ages, and characteristics of the people listed on the back of the pictures, they felt intimately acquainted with the whole community.

The question was: How could we make the Pine Grove Hollow children as familiar with us and our community? We must have our pictures taken, also one of our church,

because they had sent us a picture of their church. Perhaps we could make a map, showing where each one of us lived. We tried it on the sand table first, but even that was too difficult.

8. Frances' sister, in the Junior Girls' Club, had made a map of our town in school, and offered to make one for us. This started interest in the Virginia trip among the girls of the junior club, who began to make scrapbooks to send down.

9. On a hike for pussy willows we took pictures singly and in groups to send in exchange for the Virginia children's. We also took one of our church, and another of ourselves carrying pussy willows.

10. After locating on our map the houses of all the class, we showed also just where we went for pussy willows. One child suggested that we send some of our pussy willows, another suggested gathering wild flowers as soon as they were out, and pressing them to send.

11. The leader sent the snapshots and asked if the Virginia children would care to gather and press flowers of their part of the country, that we might exchange and compare; also, if they could make some kind of map of their section for us.

12. The cooperation of the junior girls was enlisted in pressing and mounting wild flowers.

13. The district worker in Virginia introduced the Vermont class to her girls' club through our pictures, which they carefully mounted on a long panel of green paper, first copying on slips of paper to paste, beneath the pictures, the information given on the back. This included names, ages and addresses, so that later each child's home could be found on the accompanying map. The Virginia children commenced at once to gather and press wild flowers for us.

14. The leader in Vermont mounted all the Virginia pictures on three large charts, with descriptions under each picture. These hung in the primary room from April sixth until

Children's Day, and primary children of all grades enjoyed them before and after their sessions, as well as the junior club which met in that room during the week.

May

15. The day the children cleaned the church lawn, more pictures were taken to send to Virginia.

16. A way of reviewing our Bible stories was to retell them and choose which ones we wished the district worker in Virginia to tell to her children.

17. Toy-making progressed rapidly.

18. The district worker in Virginia wrote that if our children could make extra patterns of toys and other articles they worked upon, her children could have the fun of making them up in their vacation school.

19. Two girls traced off all our animal patterns. Others brought samples of button cards, stocking cats and other toys made previously, and insisted that our left-over materials for these things also be sent. Many spools, used in making spool furniture, were strung together; small pieces of beaverboard and basswood were included.

20. Charts with duplicates of our own pictures taken for Virginia were made for the final session of the class to which our friends were invited, and these and the Virginia charts were displayed and explained by the children. Many beautifully finished toys were proudly exhibited, as well as the table containing materials and patterns to be sent. One table held scrapbooks made by juniors, and on the piano was the map made by a junior, but filled in and the "key" supplied by the primary class. This was the object of much attention, and it was explained over and over that it had been drawn to give our friends in Virginia a good idea of what our town looked like.

21. A new missionary song about God's children living all over the world was learned, while we thought particularly of the part of his family in Virginia.

22. Dozens of pressed and mounted wild flowers of Virginia arrived. They had been gathered, pressed and sewed to sheets of paper for us by the Virginia girls' club. We hung them on screens, and took pictures to send to Virginia of the Vermont children examining them. Later the sheets were put between two beautiful book covers made by a third-grade boy.

June

23. Several children, mostly junior girls, met to mount the Vermont flowers they had gathered and pressed to send to Virginia. The leader snapped their picture doing it. Frances, the primary member of this group, had made a special cover to enclose the pages. The girls wrote their names and addresses on the inside of the front cover, hoping for letters.

24. The Primary Department, about to close its Sunday sessions for the summer, instructed its superintendent to send their July and August papers to the Pine Grove children.

25. An enormous box was packed for Pine Grove and the class leader wrote that she would be there on a certain date and hoped that she could meet the girls who had sent us the wild-flower collection; also, since she was taking party caps and gifts, she hoped there'd be a party.

26. On her arrival at Pine Grove Hollow, the first thing that met the Vermont leader's eye was the panel of Vermont pictures on the district worker's wall. The visitor was told that a hike had been planned with some of the boys and girls for the next morning; a meeting of the girls' club the first thing in the afternoon and a party for everybody at two o'clock.

27. The first girl who joined us for the hike next morning said, " Did you get the flowers? "

28. At the club meeting in the afternoon the girls were shown how their sheets of pressed flowers had been bound together and were given —

a. Pictures of the Vermont children looking at Virginia flower specimens.

b. Pictures of Vermont children mounting specimens for Virginia.

c. The Vermont flowerbook completed.

d. The map of Bennington, with additional views to supplement their imagination and to show that we, too, lived in a beautiful mountainous region, something like theirs.

Together we unpacked the box. The girls chose what toys they liked for their small brothers and sisters; were asked to distribute the rest; were shown the paper caps made by Vermont children and appointed to put them on everybody at the party. They were delighted with their responsibility and proceeded to discharge it. There were about seventy people at the party, ranging in age from six months to sixty years. The Vermont-Virginia friendship project was explained to them, and every child received a gift at the hands of the class's special friends. Nearly every head was crowned with a red paper cap. Everyone good-naturedly responded to the suggestion that the Vermont children would be made very happy by a picture of their Virginia friends arrayed in the caps and holding the gifts, the making of which had been so much enjoyed. The entire party adjourned at once out of doors, and several pictures were taken.

29. The Pine Grove church needed cleaning. The Sunday-school lesson that week had for its theme reverence for God's house. The district worker used the picture of the Vermont children at work cleaning their church lawn as an incentive to all the people, young and old, to gather at the church the following Saturday, armed with brooms, cloths, pails, mops and soap.

30. At the Sunday afternoon service the song, "God's Children Live in Many Lands," was sung over and over by the visiting group, until the Pine Grove people had learned it.

31. On our departure we were deluged with gifts of flowers

—not pressed this time, but fresh. The final picture the leader brought home to show her class was of her party almost buried beneath great bouquets of roses, mountain laurel, honeysuckle and "mock orange" blossoms.

32. On the Sunday following her return to Vermont, the leader reported her trip to her class, to the interested juniors, and to the entire primary department, showing pictures, delivering messages from the Virginia group, describing the hike, party, Sunday services, and flowery send-off.

Questions for Discussion

1. What prevented the Vermont children from regarding the Virginia group as "poor children down south," and the Virginia children from regarding the Vermont group as "poor children up north"?

2. Of what value is the exchange between groups of pressed flowers, postage stamps, or kodak pictures?

3. With what group in another section can you visualize children in your community as carrying on such an exchange of interests?

4. How could you plan for creating the first interest in the other group?

5. What descriptive, illustrative or story material would you plan to use?

6. What gestures of friendliness can you conceive of your group's making which would bring a friendly response from the other group?

7. Outline the possible steps in such an enterprise which could be carried on between your group and another, and indicate a climax of some sort which would give the children a sense of completeness and satisfaction.

AFRICAN PROJECT IN A VACATION SCHOOL AS WORKED OUT IN ELEVEN WEEKDAY SESSIONS

ETHEL M. BAADER

Reference Books, Pictures and Other Material

Children at Play in Many Lands, Katherine S. Hall
Missionary Program Material, Anita Ferris
African Picture Stories, Missionary Education Movement, 150 Fifth Avenue, New York City
A Friendly Road Around the World, Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions
Kembo, a Little Girl of Africa, Barnard and Wood
Other Boys and Girls, Six Stories for Beginners, Woman's Board of Missions, 14 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.
Black Sheep: Adventures in West Africa, Jean Mackenzie
The Black Pioneer, The Presbyterian Board, Philadelphia, 10 cents
African Adventures, Jean Mackenzie
Carols, Leyda Publishing Company
Songs for Little People, Danielson and Conant
National Geographic Pictures: Sahara Desert and Africa Sets
African Village Cut-Out, Milton Bradley Company
Dennison Crêpe Jungle Patterns

FIRST SESSION

Games

Farmer in the Dell was played, the second time the children impersonating animals. Arthur's suggestion of being a camel led to conversation about camels and information from Arthur that camels lived in deserts, and that the biggest

desert is in Africa. The teacher suggested an African game, Hen and Wild Cat, in which a mother hen protects her chicks beneath her outspread wings, and those who venture out are chased by a fierce wildcat which takes those he catches to his den.

Story Play

TEACHER: How should you like to play going over to Africa to see some of these children who have such fun playing this game?

EMILY: But we must get our clothes first.

LEADER: All right, let each go to our homes and get ready, and when I blow the whistle we'll all get on the boat.

(The boat was two large davenports, facing, with chair at either end. Make-believe tickets were given before boarding. Jimmy suggested that he pull up the anchor. We sat on the deck and talked very informally about this country we were going to visit — camels, desert, oasis, River Nile, pyramids. No one knew what a pyramid was; some one said, "One of those things smoke comes out of." We discussed animals and natives. One child described a negro as having "a dark complexion." In discussing the people we talked of the negroes we see here. Accompanying this discussion were National Geographic pictures.

(Suddenly land was sighted. We saw palm trees. We saw the sandy shore with black specks on it. As we neared, we could see men get in little boats and row toward us. Much excitement prevailed on board. Jimmy brought forth imaginary spyglasses and passed them around. He also dropped anchor. A rope ladder was lowered, all got into the little boats and rowed to shore.

(When we reached shore we ran up to the village. As we approached the village we quieted down, so as not to frighten the little black children, many of whom had never seen white people before. As we walked along we noticed the houses.

We talked about the walls, floors and roofs as compared to those of our houses.

(Tired and hungry, we accepted the invitation of one of the natives to the noonday meal. Each was given a handful of peanuts and meal, which we pounded together with stones. Then we patted the mush into little cakes and baked them before the fire. We pretended to eat from banana leaves. Jimmy wanted to be a little colored boy and help serve the meal. He played the part very nicely.

(After getting refreshment from the rest and the meal, we set out to visit the Palaver House where the men lived — a walk through the big assembly room. The men asked questions about the foreigners, and looked at us very strangely. They don't see very many white people there.

(Toward evening we went back to the hut to spend the night and slept on grass mats on the floor.)

JIMMY: Say, doesn't morning ever come in Africa?

(This gave the children a rest as well as the experience of sleeping as Africans do, on mats. We were awakened by the noise of the drummer who went up and down the road. A little later we saw three little boys coming down the road.)

Story, "Belonging to the Tribe"

(*African Picture Stories*. Told by leader in first person.)

Worship Service

(Like that Kulu had on Sunday at the White Teacher's house.)

Song, Jesus Loves the Children Dear (*Carols*).
Prayer

Plans

To hear more about Kulu and travel about Africa. To see Miss E. (missionary) and her curios. To make an African village.

SECOND SESSION

Informal Free Play

Two picture-books showing palm trees and camels, chalk for blackboard and balls. The children played freely with these things. Then a child asked for Hen and Wild Cat, and we taught the new children the African game.

JIMMY: You said we were going to make some African houses sometime.

LEADER: Yes, but we haven't any straw, Jimmy.

JIMMY: Oh, I can get some; my uncle has a lot.

LEADER: If you bring some next week, we can start to build our village, perhaps.

ARTHUR: Then let's play we're on the boat again.

We had a quick résumé of our last week's trip for the new ones, and chose captain, engineer and ticket man. We had the boat all ready when the children came in.

Play

After due preparation we boarded. Jimmy, picking up a fan, said, "We'd better take this; it's pretty hot in Africa." He also spied a Bible that had fallen on the floor and said, "We mustn't let any book be on the floor, and especially our Bible; we think too much of it." He insisted upon carrying the Bible with him and taking it to Africa to show the African children. He clung to that book at least half an hour.

On the boat we looked at the pictures again and reviewed material gone over last week. It wasn't long before land was sighted by the captain. Arthur rang the bell and Jimmy dropped the anchor. All looked through the spyglass and saw natives in boats coming out to meet us. We went down the rope ladder and rowed to shore in boats. Then we had a good run up to the village (through the assembly hall). On we ran through the village, looking for Kulu's house, and finally saw him playing in front of his house, his brother shelling peanuts beside him. We sat down and he talked

to us, asking us if we remembered Batum. Kulu told us the story of Batum and the Goats (*African Picture Stories,* Hazeltine, told by leader in the first person).

Kulu wanted to know if we would like to go to Sunday school with him and the other children. All agreed it would be fun, so off we started, following Kulu and his friends (into the beginners' room).

Quiet music (Chopin's Prelude, Opus 28, No. 20) was played as we entered. We played the leader was the white teacher.

WHITE TEACHER: It's so nice to have your little white friends with us today, Kulu. They must think it strange that we have Sunday school out here under the palm tree. But we like it best, don't we? You know it's so much warmer here than it is in your country. I just wonder if you boys and girls like to get to Sunday school as early as these little people do. I could come an hour before time and Kulu would surely be here ahead of me. It is great fun to see who comes first, isn't it, Kulu? How would you like to sing "This Is My Father's House" for our little friends, and if they don't know it perhaps they can learn it too?"

(Children asked for "Jesus Loves the Children Dear" and the teacher made a short prayer.)

Plans

Jimmie drew an elephant on the board.

LEADER: I wonder if it wouldn't be fun to make a jungle.

JIMMIE: Yes, and we could cut out animals for it, couldn't we?

LEADER: Yes, we might make it like a big picture. We can do that next Saturday.

THIRD SESSION

Game

JIMMIE: Let's play Hen and Wild Cat first.

(We played it three times before they were tired of it.)

Worship Service

BETTY: Can't we go in where the piano is and sing a little while?

(There were only four chairs arranged and there were five people. Arthur happened to be seated about the first, and Betty was left standing. Arthur jumped right up and said, "Here, Betty, you can have my chair. I'll get another.")

LEADER: I think that was very kind of Arthur to give Betty his chair, don't you? And I was especially glad to hear Betty say, "Thank you, Arthur." I wonder why Betty said "Thank you"? Why did you, Betty?

BETTY: Because I was glad to have the chair.

LEADER: Yes, when some one does something for us or gives us something, it's always nice to say Thank you, isn't it? I wonder if we ever say Thank you to God? (*Attitude of never having thought of such a thing.*) I wonder if God gives us anything to thank him for?

BETTY: He gives us trees and flowers.

ARTHUR: He gives us apples and potatoes.

LEADER: Just how do you think God gives us those things, Arthur?

ARTHUR: Well, he makes the seeds grow.

LEADER: And what are the things a little seed needs to make it grow?

BETTY: Rain and sun. Nice dirt. God gives us those things.

LEADER: Yes, so we can really thank God for the flowers and everything that grows. A few Sundays ago I was visiting Mrs. Davis' beginners' group and they were talking about little Tommy's woolen suit, and Mrs. Davis was saying that God really helped in giving Tommy that suit. Now, how do you suppose God could help?

ARTHUR: Oh, I know. You get wool from sheep, and God gave the sheep grass to eat.

BETTY: I have a woolen dress on.

LEADER: So you have. Do you think God helped in giving Viola her dress? Hers is cotton.

BETTY: The cotton plant. We've been studying about it in school. God makes the plant grow, like the little seed.

LEADER: Does God help us in getting our homes? What are they usually made of?

JIMMY: Wood from trees.

BETTY: And God makes the trees grow.

LEADER: So he helped in making it possible for us to have all these things made of wood, didn't he? Let's look around in this room, and count all the things we can see that are made of wood. Piano, chairs, table, floor, desk. I wonder if you wouldn't like to say Thank you to God right here together. Sometimes when we talk to God we close our eyes, so we'll just think of him. Shall we close our eyes, and each one think of something we might say Thank you for, and then as you think of it say it out loud? (*Silence for a few seconds, every eye closed, and head bowed.*)

BETTY: Thank you for our churches and our homes.

LEADER: Is some one else ready? (*Silence.*) Did you notice when Betty thanked Arthur for the chair she said, "Thank you, Arthur"? When you speak to me, you usually say Miss B. Don't you think it would be nice to speak to God that way? We might say Dear God, or Dear Father, because God is really our heavenly Father.

ARTHUR: Dear Father, thank you for the trees and flowers.

LAURA: Dear God, thank you for our clothes. Thank you for all the things we need.

JIMMY: Dear heavenly Father, we thank thee for everything you have given us. Thank thee for the missionaries and the little children in Africa.

(Every child took part. Leader made a little prayer, then we sang Hear Us When We Pray.)

Work

Materials: Wrapping paper, two large pieces pasted together; Dennison jungle cut-out.

Two children cut out the animals, others pasted them on. Drew trunks and branches of trees with brown crayon, pasted green pieces of crêpe paper for leaves. Made birds' nests in trees, crayoned and cut out snakes. Finished the jungle. Much interest and enthusiasm.

Stories

Told and dramatized three picture stories.

FOURTH SESSION

Story

Kembo, a Little Girl of Africa, Barnard and Wood, was put on the table. Betty came very early. We sat down together and she read it aloud.

Handwork

We colored and cut out African Village.

Missionary Guest

Miss E. came. Conversation during handwork was very interesting. Children asked her questions about barbers in Africa, etc. Gained quite a little general information.

We had been singing Jesus Loves the Children Dear while we were working. Jimmy Scott hadn't heard it. Arthur said, as we were cleaning up, "Let's go upstairs and sing it with the piano," so we did.

LEADER: Shall we play Miss E. is the White Teacher?

In our play we went down the road to meet her. She was dressed in native costume for us. She stayed with us and we played Sunday school as the little African children have it, and she was our teacher.

We sang Jesus Loves Us, and learned The World Children for Jesus, from *Carols.*

We talked about what God had given us, we of course being little children now in Africa; thanked God for the forest, food, Sunday school and the White Teacher. Betty made a lovely little prayer.

We learned God Is Good to Little Children, from *Carols*. Then we went with Miss E. to her house. She showed us curios she had gathered, and gifts the African people had given her. She told interesting stories about them. The children wanted to sing Jesus Loves the Children Dear again with the piano, so we did.

FIFTH SESSION

Worship Service

JIMMY: Let's sing our songs first.

OTHERS: Yes, let's.

(Songs: Jesus Loves the Children Dear, This is My Father's House, God Will Hear Us When We Pray.

(Very naturally and eagerly they asked for our little prayer service.)

BETTY: Thank you for our food and clothes. Thank you for our churches and Sunday schools, and everything you have given us. Thank you for the trees and snow and mothers and fathers.

(Betty suggested we have the Lord's Prayer at the end. Arthur very enthusiastically responded, "Yes, let's.")

LEADER: I wonder if we could think of something else today that we can thank God for. Yes, let's do it the way we did last week, everybody having a turn.

(This time every one responded.)

Handwork

Work was soon suggested. All worked on the village. Betty, seeing *Kembo,* wanted to read it again. Leader suggested she read it aloud so we all could enjoy it while we worked. She did it with great interest, showing the pictures as she went along.

LEADER (*after reading was completed*): What was it the little girl in London sent Kembo?

JIMMY (*suddenly having an idea*): Why can't we send something to the children in Africa?

ARTHUR: Let's bring some money. If we each brought a nickel every Sunday, we should have enough pretty soon.

BETTY: But I haven't any money. I could ask my mother for it, though.

LEADER: Don't you think it would be fun to earn it?

ARTHUR: Oh, yes, Betty, let's earn some when we go home, and I'll give you what I get, because I get a quarter every Saturday, anyway.

(Finally all decided they would try to bring three cents next week. Leader's suggestion of scrapbooks accepted.)

ARTHUR: We could buy a doll for the girls, couldn't we?

LEADER: Couldn't we make something?

(This led to further discussion of postal cards and toys we could make.)

JIMMY: We could ask Miss E. to take them over.

LEADER: Perhaps Miss E. could tell us just what the little boys and girls would like best. (We planned to ask her.) I wonder if we couldn't do something for the little brown boys and girls in Auburn?

(The children did not respond, which proved they were not ready as yet. In the middle of the work we stopped and played Puss in the Corner, a very great favorite, to get a little rest.)

SIXTH SESSION

Handwork

There was a great desire to work on the village, so we worked first. Experimented with houses, decided cut-out house wasn't very satisfactory, so sought to find a better plan. We used a piece of brown cardboard eight inches long; used cut-out roof. This was not altogether satisfactory. A guest spoke of some grass matting she might have, that

would make a good roof. We proceeded to discuss different kinds of roofs — crêpe paper, straw, etc. We finally decided to make new ones next week, using matting or crêpe paper.

Showing Curios

Arthur drew a big picture of the "false face" (a curio) and asked our guest if she knew what it was.

ARTHUR: May I go upstairs and get it to show Mrs. M.?

BETTY: Let's show her all the things.

ALL: Oh, yes.

(Mrs. M. of course very enthusiastically fell in with the plan. So we had a race cleaning up, and in a jiffy we were ready. Two of the children went up with me to put the curios out.)

ARTHUR: May I be up when Mrs. M. comes, and have the false face on?

JIMMY (*referring to the horned gong*): And can I hit this?

(So upon our arrival we were greeted by the horrible face and the noisy gong. We sat on the floor and each child chose three or four things to show Mrs. M. It was most interesting and surprising to find that the children remembered so much about the various articles. They included many interesting details Miss E. had told us.)

Worship Service

The children wanted to sing Jesus Loves the Children Dear for Mrs. M., so we went in and stood around the piano. We sang The World Children for Jesus, This Is My Father's House, and Jesus, Hear Us, the latter as a prayer response.

Their prayers showed still greater evidence of freedom and spontaneous enthusiasm. The prayers thanked God for homes, mothers and fathers, birds, trees, rain, sun and snow. Jimmy's prayer was the most interesting. It was about five sentences in length, used "our dear heavenly Father" about three times, prayed for little black children, churches, missionaries, our homes.

Play

Hen and Wild Cat, the great favorite.

Guessing game. A quiet game, as every one was hot and tired. A child pointed to an object, then chose another child; that child pointed to the same object, then to a new one, etc.

Gifts

Jimmy brought his two cents. Arthur came in greatly distressed — he had lost his nickel on the way to church. The children decided they would bring their pennies the next week. They have taken hold quite strongly of the idea of giving. Little urging on my part as yet. I want them to feel the need and desire, not give just because I ask them to.

SEVENTH SESSION

Worship Service

JIMMY: Let's sing first.

(So we had our worship service first, singing all the songs we knew, and our prayer songs.)

LEADER: What can we thank God for this morning? This is such a beautiful, warm, sunny day.

BETTY: I know.

ARTHUR: Let's start.

JIMMY: Dear heavenly Father, we thank thee for the warm sun that will make the flowers grow, for the little brown babies over the sea, and for the missionaries.

BETTY: Thank you for the rain, thank you for our homes and our mothers and fathers, and thank you for our schools. Amen.

ARTHUR: Thank you for our churches and Sunday schools.

LAURA: Dear God, we thank thee for this nice warm day.

Story

BETTY: Tell us another story about Kembo.

LEADER: All right, I have another lovely story about Kembo.

(The story I had planned to tell was "The Runaway Song," *Other Boys and Girls;* as Kembo was requested, I just exchanged names and wove the story around Kembo and Nimbo and a few other characters they were familiar with. We sat on the floor together, and I told them the story. They loved it, especially the part where Kembo shows little Nimbo the missionary's piano. Nimbo calls it "table with white teeth."

BETTY: Let's play it!

LEADER: All right. Betty, would you like to take charge of it? How many children do we need? (Kembo, Nimbo, White Teacher; the rest, children at school.) All right, Betty, will you choose the people you think would be best? Where shall we have the school? Kembo's home? (The group decided. Every one had a part.) Before we play it, we'd better just talk over the story together a little, because we don't want to have to spoil it by stopping to tell some one what to say, do we? What was Nimbo doing when Kembo stopped to see him?

ARTHUR (*after story play*): Now, Miss B., will you tell us another story that isn't about Africa?

JIMMY: Tell them the one you told me that day I came up to see you?

(And so we had the story of "The Happy Prince." They didn't ask to play it, but Jimmy did ask to play Hen and Wild Cat.)

Handwork

We were very anxious to make a few more of the cut-out men and women and children for our village. We put up the houses made last week — plain brown bottoms, using the roof of the cut-out. It didn't please them; they wanted it thatched. Mrs. M. couldn't get the matting she had hoped to.

LEADER: Since you have all tried to get straw and no one seems to have been able to get it, I'll try next week. Perhaps Wednesday when we go hiking I may be able to get some.

(While working, conversation led to our pennies. I didn't overemphasize bringing pennies. I wanted to see just how strong the motive of buying toys for African children, their idea, was to each child. They talked some more about the things they might buy. A doll was quite the accepted thing at first. I think this grew out of the story of the White Doll, and how those little African girls loved it.)

ARTHUR: We'll have to wait a long time, though. I saw a doll down town that was one dollar and a half.

(The idea of so small a group sending perhaps one little doll to Africa didn't seem to me the biggest kind of service they could render, but I thought it best to say little until something stronger could take its place and satisfy them.)

EIGHTH SESSION

Preparation for a Visitor

As the children assembled I grouped them about me on the floor and told them that Mrs. D., wife of the pastor of the colored church, was coming up to see our village and jungle, and tell us about her little boys and girls.

ARTHUR: Let's put things up before she comes.

(Every one entered into the activity wholeheartedly. Some helped put up the jungle; every picture was hung; curios were arranged on the table. In five minutes the room was in readiness and they were proud of it.)

Handwork

Our objective was to finish the village and work out our new plan for the thatched hut. We used twigs for trees, and a group of two made the trees by pasting on green leaves.

Because of no permanent place for our village, we used a very large suit box, with one of the long sides unfastened.

The huts in the regular cut-out were too complicated, so we worked out the plan decided upon last week: strip of brown paper rolled and pasted; roof conical, thatched with

straw, furnished by the leader. The roof was painted with paste and pieces of straw were laid on.

The children put sand in the box, made little mounds, smoothed it out; stuck in trees, placed huts and cut-out figures.

Entertaining the Visitor

Mrs. D. proved to be most interesting. Her friendly warm way won the children. They worked on and she watched and asked questions. She wanted to try to make a tree, so Arthur very patiently showed her every process. She was very anxious to learn how, so she could teach her little boys and girls.

At Jimmy's suggestion that we sing Mrs. D. " our song," we went upstairs to the beginners' room. We sang all our songs for her and had our usual little prayer service, thanking God for our food, houses, churches, snow to cover the flowers, missionaries, and for little black children. Jimmy having finished his prayer touched Mrs. D.'s arm and said in a whisper, " Don't you want to pray, too? " She rose to the situation and made a lovely little prayer.

After our worship service, the children took Mrs. D. into our room and told her about the curios. Each child had three or four things to show her. She was a most responsive and interested listener, and we had a very happy and profitable time. After she had seen everything the children asked her some questions.

ARTHUR: Mrs. D., can you talk African?

MRS. D.: No, I can't, but I hope to learn it some day.

BETTY: Were you born in Africa?

MRS. D.: No, but I suppose my great-grandfather came from there.

JIMMY: Are you a missionary?

MRS. D.: No, but I hope to be some day. You see I'm sort of a missionary now, because I work with these colored people in our church and teach the women and children about

Jesus, and my husband talks to them in church. I go out every afternoon to their homes to see them and help them in every way I can. But I want to go to Africa some day as a real missionary. My children say they are going with me, all of them. So maybe I'll have to wait until they are older, and until they learn.

LAURA: Do your children sing songs like ours?

MRS. D.: Yes, they sing some of them, but I'd like them to learn some of those you sang this morning, they were so nice. And I want to show them how to make villages like you make — my, they'd love to do that!

JIMMY: We're going to send some toys to Africa. We brought pennies, and we're going to buy some things.

MRS. D.: I think that's lovely, but you know sometimes I think when I want to go to Africa right now, that until I can go there's much I can do right here in Auburn for the little black boys and girls. There are lots of them that are sick and poor and need things. Don't you think maybe you could help some little black boy or girl here, too? I know of lots of things you could do.

ARTHUR: What are they?

MRS. D.: We have been hoping to get some picture-books for the children. Maybe you could make scrapbooks. I know of a little boy who just came home from the hospital yesterday, and he is poor and he's so lonesome! He's six years old. His name is Raymond Jones.

JIMMY: Maybe we could send him something. (Jimmy's sympathies and allegiance are easily transferred.)

MRS. D.: I think he'd just love it — something he could look at or play with while he's in bed.

(This was met with great enthusiasm and all suggested things we might send him — crayons, books, etc.)

LEADER: Yes, there are a great many things we can buy in the five and ten cent store that Raymond would like. How should you like to go downtown next Saturday and see what we can buy for him?

ARTHUR: We'll have to come early if we're going downtown. Let's come at half-past nine.

LEADER: If we all go next week it will be pretty hard to decide and will take a long time to look around. If any one happens to be near the five and ten cent store this week, look around and tell us next week just what you think would be best to get.

NINTH SESSION

Party Plans

LEADER: I saw Mrs. D. last Sunday evening. She said she had a good time playing with us, she liked our songs, and best of all she liked our village. She went right home and told her little boys and girls all about it. And what do you suppose they said? "Oh, Mrs. D., can't we go up to see those children?" "I'll have to ask the lady," said Mrs. D.

ARTHUR: And that was you, wasn't it, Miss B.?

LEADER: Yes, so she called me up and I said I should love to have them come to see us, and I was quite sure you would like to have them, too. But I said I'd have to talk it over with you. What shall I tell her? Should you like to have six little colored boys and girls come up to see us next Saturday?

ALL: Yes.

JIMMY: We'll have Mrs. D. come too. I like her; she's nice.

LEADER: Yes. How do you suppose we could ask the children?

BETTY: Call Mrs. D. on the 'phone.

ARTHUR: Why not write them a letter? Let's send them invitations.

LEADER: You know we have so much planned for this morning. Do you think we shall have time to make them?

BETTY: I could come this afternoon!

ARTHUR: So could I!

(Betty, Arthur and Laura were chosen and the meeting-place was to be my home. All details were left to the committee.)

LEADER: Now we'd better think about our shopping. We have sixty-five cents. How many things can we buy, if everything we get is ten cents? I remembered to look in the five and ten cent store as I promised I would, to see what I might suggest to buy for Raymond. I saw a nice dog, about six inches high, for ten cents. I saw some lovely marbles, balls and crayons.

ARTHUR: I went in the five and ten, too, this week, and I saw a train I think he would like.

LEADER: Suppose we decide the things we think we should like to buy and write them on this little piece of paper, so we won't forget. Who would like to write them down?

(Arthur and Betty took turns.)

LEADER: Who would be the best one to carry the money?

JIMMY: You carry it, Miss B., you're the oldest.

LAURA: Let Arthur take it; he's the biggest boy and he has deep pockets.

(Arthur was heartily delegated to be guardian of the precious funds. With a happy grin, he took the money.)

Shopping Tour

We went to Woolworth's to get the dog first, and lo! there was a kitten about the same size. Jimmy at once exclaimed, " Oh, let's get him the cat! " One or two others were influenced. The leader asked for a vote which proved a tie. Upon examining the kitten we found she had pin eyes, easily pulled out, while the dog's eyes were painted. Another vote and all but two voted for the dog.

The next item was the train. Upon examining it we found it had many very sharp corners. It didn't please the group, and Arthur was quite disappointed, as it wasn't the one he had seen. Just then Betty spied a little counting rack with colored beads, and she thought Raymond would like that

better than the train. All agreed, and another ten cents was given the clerk.

So on down the list we went, and included candy and three oranges.

Preparing and Mailing the Box

Since we didn't have enough money to get a nice picture-book, the children thought of cutting out pictures from magazines. Four set to work. The other three wrapped and packed. The leader had provided green tissue paper and green cord.

JIMMY: Let's wrap all the marbles separately; he'll have lots of fun unwrapping everything.

(Arthur discovered a picture of a boy eating an orange.)

ARTHUR: Oh, let's put this on top of the oranges!

(So, very patiently the packers took everything out and the picture was laid over the oranges. By the time everything was packed, the picture collection was growing. With great interest and enthusiasm these were shown to the group and laid on the top of the box.)

BETTY: Let's write him a letter.

(Each set to work to write a little letter to Raymond. These were placed in an envelope, and "To Raymond" written on the envelope by Betty, she having been selected because she was the best writer. When the package was tied up, wrapped, and ready to be mailed, every one wanted to go to the post office, so we started out. Then the children wanted Betty to address the box. Stamps came to seven cents, and there were only six cents in Arthur's pocket! I advanced the one cent and all was well.)

Completion of Party Plans

LAURA (*on the way to the post office*): Let's buy them a chocolate bunny.

ARTHUR: But we can't get them all one. Why not have it for a prize?

BETTY: Let's have an egg hunt, and let that be the prize for the one who finds the most.

(This plan met with great enthusiasm.)

LEADER: And wouldn't it be fun to make little baskets to put the eggs in as we find them?

JIMMY: Yes, let's make them today.

LEADER: The time is going quickly. Don't you suppose the little colored children would love to make them too? Why not wait until next Saturday and we can all make them together?

ARTHUR: Don't you think we'd better buy the eggs today? We shan't have time next Saturday.

BETTY: But we have only six cents left for the stamps!

LEADER: Suppose I give you the money and then you can pay it back to me next week when we all bring our pennies?

ARTHUR: Hadn't we better plan our games before next Saturday?

(About ten games were quickly suggested by the group.)

JIMMY: We can sing our songs to them, too.

(Eggs and a chocolate bunny were purchased on the way home from the post office. The three children who were to make invitations walked home with me to see just where I lived. At two o'clock sharp they arrived and wrote invitations on the inside of double rabbits, joined at the base. The children decided they would have to come early next week. The program for the party was drawn up in full.)

TENTH SESSION

Making Movie

Because of a funeral in the colored group, the party had to be postponed, and the leader suggested a substitute.

LEADER: Do you remember that when we were making our village some of us drew pictures of things we saw in Africa. I was wondering if you wouldn't like to draw a lot of those pictures and paste them all together and have a big

picture. And we might make a little movie to pull them through.

CHILDREN: Oh, yes, let's do that! To show the children at the party!

ARTHUR: I know a good way. You could just take a piece of heavy paper and fold it and pull the pictures through.

LEADER: How could we make it stronger? Do you suppose a box would help?

BETTY: Oh, yes; then we could paste the paper on the box.

(Arthur went in search of a box. The others carried materials downstairs. Arthur brought forth a pasteboard box that was quite desirable.)

LEADER: Now, how are we going to have it — just this plain box covered?

BETTY: We could make it look like a theatre.

LEADER: Yes, or we might make it look like something we saw in Africa, since our pictures are going to be about our trip.

CHILDREN: Yes, that would be good. What could it be?

LEADER: Well, let's see, what did we see over there?

GROUP: Children, trees, houses, animals.

LEADER: Which of those shall we choose?

ARTHUR: We couldn't make it like a little boy, it would be too thin.

LEADER: What do you think about the trees?

BETTY: That would be too big. We could have it the shape of an elephant, or maybe a house.

LEADER: Well, which shall it be?

ARTHUR: The elephant would be too hard; let's have the house. We could make it like the house in the picture.

(All agreed, so three set to work on it and the others started the pictures. The group at work on the house worked out the size, with help. They worked very steadily, and very hard. The group working on the pictures drew them as they came into our trip.)

ARTHUR: In real movies they have the picture first, then some writing to tell about it.

(So each took a choice of pictures and told Miss C. what they wanted to say. She made a copy and they wrote it in black crayon. Later they found that the roof of the house, when it dried, leaned. As the children were tired, I said I would add some cardboard braces to hold it firm. Then three of us agreed to tell stories at the party.)

Worship Service

Quiet music ended with Jesus Loves the Children Dear. We sang all the songs we knew, up to This Is God's House. After we sang that, I bowed my head and closed my eyes and said, "Shall we talk to our heavenly Father?" They responded, quietly bowing their heads, and then we waited. Several seconds went by.

BETTY: Dear God, thank you for the rain and the sun. Thank you for our clothes and homes. Amen.

ARTHUR: Dear God, thank you for our churches. Thank you.

JIMMY: Dear heavenly Father, bless the little children of Africa. Bless the missionaries. Bless them, Father. Amen.

LAURA: Dear God, thank you for our homes and mothers and fathers. Amen.

Good-bye Song

Betty reminded every one to be there at 9:30 next week to hide the eggs and get ready.

ARTHUR: If we'd had the party today we shouldn't have had the movie to show them, should we?

ELEVENTH SESSION

Preparation for Party

The children arrived early, arranged chairs, decorated tables with crêpe paper, folded paper napkins and hid the

little eggs. Two others placed chairs in a semicircle about the piano. Others put up the movie. Three children had met on an earlier day to frost arrowroot crackers and set animal crackers on them. These were put on the tables.

The Party

We played games to learn names; we played Here comes the ball, Charles, with one child going from the circle, while another hid his eyes and guessed. We sang Jesus Loves the Children Dear. We talked about outdoor sights and sang a nature song, and then sang This Is God's House, and made a prayer of thanks for various good things.

We made baskets for the hunt — green, lavender and yellow — and put grass in them. Then we had our egg hunt.

JIMMY (*to leader*): I've got so many, I'll hide some of mine, and let the little colored children look for them.

(The act was contagious, each child following suit. After all were found, the children sat down on the floor and counted them.)

BETTY (*to leader in a whisper*): If we should get the prize, we'll give it to one of the little colored children, won't we?

(Lillian, a little colored girl, got the prize. We put the baskets under our coats until we went home. Next the children wanted to show the movie. Jimmie and Arthur were operators and Betty read and explained. The guests seemed to enjoy it very much.)

Story Telling

Betty told "The Tortoise and the Hare," carefully explaining what each was; Arthur, "Dick Whittington and His Cat."

Game, "Stump the Leader"
Good-bye Song

Questions for Discussion

1. When are children's prayers spontaneous?

2. If they cannot be spontaneous, which is better — to teach children to repeat prayers which they do not feel or to do nothing about it? Give reasons for your answer.

3. What do you consider to be the teacher's purpose in this enterprise?

4. In the light of that purpose, which was more important — to continue the children's interest in a far-away group or to shift to a local one? State reasons.

5. Evaluate the varied activities engaged in with relation to the aim you have stated.

6. What values may arise from a group's making a movie? Could you find a place for this sort of activity in connection with what your class is now studying?

7. What is your reaction to " pennies " as used here?

PROBLEMS OF LIVING IN NEW YORK CITY[1]

A Class Experience in the Lower Elementary Grades

ADELAIDE TEAGUE CASE

The Class Group

Our class was formed in the middle of the church-school year, about the first of February. It included eleven little girls of assorted ages, in various school grades, from the second through the fifth, from nine different day-school groups. The differences between the members of the class stood out conspicuously. Certain things, however, they had in common: they all lived in New York City; they all came from similar family backgrounds — educationally but not financially privileged; and they were all, with one exception, attending progressive private schools.

Here they were, then, an active, wide-awake group of little girls of widely different capacities and interests. What should we give them to do?

Six of the group had been together earlier in the year with ten boys of the third and fourth grades, and in their class sessions they had constructed in cardboard the Village of Happiness and discussed the elements of a happy community. The attendance had been irregular. Moreover, in the very active and rather boisterous atmosphere of the class, the feminine section had been a well-behaved, inconspicuous and neglected minority. In their common misfortune these six girls had become friends. They were enthusiastic about a change of class and ready to assert themselves if opportunity offered. They were the working nucleus of our new group of little girls.

[1] We appreciate the courtesy of the Union School of Religion, New York City, in granting permission to include this report.

How We Got Started

It seemed obviously desirable to continue the study of the Village of Happiness with a more realistic investigation of the community in which the children themselves actually lived. An effort to maintain some degree of continuity; the thought that such an enterprise would appeal to interests common to the group; the teacher's own enthusiastic desire to introduce to young children some of the difficult adjustments — social, economic, racial and industrial — in their own environment — these three considerations led to the choice of " Problems of Living in New York City " as the center around which to organize our work for the fifteen weeks in which we were to be together.

Accordingly, the following letter was sent out to the children's parents early in the term:

We are planning to study " How People Live Together in a City," a continuation of the project of building a city, the stories we have had, and our visit to the cathedral. The particular purpose is to help the children to meet from a Christian point of view some of their problems of living in New York City, and to grow in Christian attitudes of appreciation and helpfulness in our city life.

Such questions as these will come up:

Who are the people who help us?

What can we do to help them?

What are some of the things we ought not to do in the city and why?

How is family life in the city different from that in the country?

Can animals be happy in the city?

How many different kinds of children live in the city?

How are their surroundings and problems different from our own? How are they the same?

What does God feel sorry about in New York? What makes him glad?

How have people planned to live happily together in the city — to play, to work, to study, to worship, to eat, to help babies, to take care of the sick, etc.?

The answers to some of these questions will be found by visiting on Sunday and by committees during the week. We hope to visit a factory, a store, a laboratory, a library, a restaurant, a hospital, a children's nursery, an orphanage, an old people's home, and other places as the interest develops.

We shall also find help in stories from the Bible and other sources.

Excursions

The excursions were very much enjoyed. Most of them were prepared for by the teacher, by letters and preliminary visits. We went, usually after some discussion and voting in class, to the following places:

International House
The Woolworth Building
Schwarz's Toystore
St. Luke's Hospital
The Cathedral of St. John the Divine
The New York Public Library on Forty-Second Street
The Radio Corporation of America
A Home for Aged Couples

International House. Two foreign students showed us around the building. The older people with us (there were four mothers, the teacher and five children) were very enthusiastic in their comments. The children, however, said little or nothing. Our class discussion the following Sunday was not noteworthy, but apparently some of the children were interested. Two of them wrote these letters of thanks, signed by all the class and duly sent off:

Dear Miss Corlit:

Thank you very much for taking us around International House. We enjoyed it very much.

We liked the pictures of early New York.

The dining-room seemed so big and the dumb waiter was so funny.

We are glad to know that so many people from other countries have such a pleasant place to live while they study in New York.

Dear Mr. Shoekcetovitch:

I am one of the children that came to your International home February 8. We enjoyed our visit very much and wish to thank you very much for taking us around and showing us things and telling us about them. You have a very wonderful home and you must have a very happy time.

Two children prepared a poster for the school exhibit for which they wrote an account of International House, and in connection with which one of them went to the House on her own initiative and bought a postcard.

Margaret was quite thrilled to discover that the Polish student, Miss Corlit, who took us around and to whom she had written a letter of thanks, was the very same person who stayed in the apartment with her in the evenings when her father and mother were out.

The Woolworth Building. It was cold and windy on the top of the Woolworth Building and not very clear. The teacher was much humiliated by not being able to answer the mothers' intelligent questions about various buildings. (On the first two trips, mothers went along. They knew that they were always welcome, but later they stopped coming, apparently feeling their children quite safe in the teacher's care.) The children ran around and climbed up in dangerous positions; but we did see Ellis Island, and the ocean liners coming in and going out, and we certainly got an idea of the bigness of New York. Some souvenirs were purchased — I think that this was for the children the most satisfactory part of the trip — and we all signed a card to send to Ethel, who was too sick to come. Ethel mentioned this card at

almost the end of the year. Josephine took some photographs, which turned out very well. Gladys, who could not be with us, contributed a humorous sketch of our party coming down in the elevator.

Schwarz's Toystore. This trip was an overwhelming success. The children were intensely interested and could hardly be dragged away. The manager received us cordially and detailed one of the saleswomen to show us around the store. Dolls and toys from all over the world were displayed in endless succession. We were allowed to try the swings and other playground apparatus. Ecstatic comments were exchanged. We had some money with us to buy toys for St. Luke's Hospital (by previous class decision; this is what took us to Schwarz's) and the teacher suggested the purchase of one nice large doll. The saleswoman showed us several at specially reduced prices, but as it happened the children's eyes fell on some undressed dolls, and one of them suggested that we buy several and dress them for the sick children. The idea caught like wildfire, so that is what we did; we bought five dolls with great care and had some money left over for other things. We then returned to the Sunday-school rooms, an exuberant crowd, and made plans for dressmaking, cooperating so as to give ten little girls a chance at five dolls. This was Saturday. On Sunday all the dolls were present at Sunday school, partially clad. The next week they all appeared with extensive wardrobes, and we took them to the hospital.

After our visit to Schwarz's we had an interesting discussion as to whether or not the salesgirls should work on Saturday afternoons. Some of the children were against it (the salesgirls, they said, should have a chance to do some shopping and "get ready for Sunday"). Others argued that the store should be open on Saturday afternoons for children who lived in the country and found it inconvenient to come into town in the morning.

St. Luke's Hospital. Margaret, a member of our class,

had been a patient in St. Luke's for a long time two years before; it was partly because she spoke of it that we voted to take gifts to the children there. She did not have time to dress a doll because she goes to a parochial school that keeps very long hours, but she appeared with a very nice doll in a bright red dress that she had bought as her contribution.

We walked down to the hospital on Sunday morning, carrying the dolls and toys. Of course we could not go into the wards, but a nurse received us in the superintendent's room and told us something about what the children did and enjoyed, and how much they would appreciate our presents. Margaret added a bit of information from her own experience.

Before we left St. Luke's we went into the chapel and sat down. The organ was playing and nurses were coming in for a service. We prayed silently for the children who were sick.

The Public Library. This visit is well described by Dorothy, who "wrote it up" for the school exhibit. These are her words:

On Saturday I went with my Sunday-school class to the Public Library.

First we visited the picture gallery that had many wonderful pictures in it. I like the big picture of George Washington best.

Next was the room for the blind. It was very interesting. Their books have raised letters so that when they passed their hands over them they could read them. There were also games for the blind.

Next we visited the main reading room. There were so many people we asked how many people used it every day, and they said from five thousand to ten thousand came in every day.

Down in the basement was the children's room. There

were French books, Russian books, German books and many more foreign books. On the walls were big framed pictures taken from *Robin Hood.* I noticed many of my old book friends here.

We came outdoors and had our pictures taken in front of the library lion and came home.

Other Excursions. Our other excursions will be referred to in the account of the service of worship. There was never any reluctance in taking these trips, nor did the interest decline as the weeks went on. One of the girls changed her music lessons in order to leave Saturday mornings free. There were no "problems of discipline." The children were ready to enjoy everything, even inconveniences; they made the best possible sightseers.

Stories

It was difficult to find appropriate stories to use in connection with our interest in city life. Only about half a dozen were told, and most of these were adapted or made up for the occasion. Each child had a copy for her loose-leaf notebook. Some of the stories were acted out, others illustrated. Occasionally they led to interesting class discussions.

The story of Jesus' visit to Jerusalem when he was twelve years old was retold under the title, "A Trip to the City." One of its purposes was to encourage the children to talk freely about our excursions. Jerusalem was contrasted with New York, and the story closed in this way — "When he told them about the great city of Jerusalem, I wonder what he said to the children of Nazareth who had stayed at home."

Incidents in the lives of Jacob Riis and Mary Antin, found in the *Better Americans* series, proved to be splendid material for us.

Because of possible contagion the parents of these children would not allow them to visit the congested sections of the city. Experience through stories had to be substituted for trips. Accordingly several of our stories dealt with the darker side of city life, its social and economic pressures and hardships. One of them, "Patrick O'Malley," although somewhat didactic and decidedly amateurish, was very useful. It was well received, too. (How generous children are!) This was the way it went:

Patrick O'Malley

In most of our trips and our stories we have been thinking that New York is a pretty nice place. There are wonderful things here for people from all over the world.

I am going to tell you a story today which may make you wonder if everybody finds it such a good place to live in.

"New York may be all right for the rich," said Patrick O'Malley, "but it is not good at all for a poor man."

And when I tell you something about his history perhaps you may think he was right. Patrick was a fine Irishman, who had been strong and vigorous in his younger days, but although he was not over fifty now, he was no longer able to drive the great truck with the two strong horses from the dock as he used to do in his youth. He was crippled with rheumatism.

Patrick had a large family — his wife Mary and six children, the two oldest married and the youngest a baby less than a year old. The whole family lived, when our story opens, in a dark tenement of only three rooms — the kitchen and two other rooms, one of them very dark with no window in it at all.

Maggie, one of the girls, was not able to walk because she had been injured by being run over when playing in the narrow street. The other two children living at home (be-

sides the baby) were Delia and Tom. They worked every minute of the time after school hours to increase the family income — Tom selling newspapers and Delia making paper flowers at home at a cent for two dozen. Patrick helped her when he could leave his housework. For he had much to do around the house, because in order to meet expenses Mrs. O'Malley went out by the day to wash clothes.

The O'Malley family all loved each other, but in spite of that there was not much happiness in the home. It wasn't often that the children said, "Mother, may I have a dime for the movies?" They knew that there weren't many dimes to be had. It was hard to give Maggie the food she needed or books to read. And there was nothing lovely or interesting for her to look at all day long. The mother and father were often fearful for the safety of their children — for Tom out in the streets and Delia as she went back and forth to see about the paper flowers.

One afternoon Mr. Dexter was walking down the street where Tom was selling papers. He heard a cry, "Buy a paper, mister, buy a paper?" and noticed a smiling-faced newsboy whom he didn't know.

Now Mr. Dexter worked in that neighborhood — he was a secretary of the Charity Organization Society — and he didn't approve of little boys' selling newspapers.

"What is your name?" he asked, as he stopped and smiled at Tom.

"Thomas O'Malley."

"How do you happen to be a working man?"

Tom told him about the O'Malley family, just how many of them there were and what they all did.

Then Mr. Dexter went over with Tom to the O'Malley home. And it was to Mr. Dexter that Patrick made the remark about New York with which this story opened.

They had a good talk. The baby was crawling around the floor and Patrick was trying to mind it and to keep an eye on the dinner on the stove.

" How would you like to move to the country? " said Mr. Dexter.

Well, of course it took quite a long time to make all the arrangements, but finally Patrick and his family were able to move to the country place of a man in Long Island. Patrick acted as watchman, and he was able to work a little in the garden that he planted outside his own little house. Mary helped at parties in the neighborhood, but most of the time she was able to be at home and keep the house. When they weren't at school the children played out in the fields where it was quite safe and they learned many interesting things about nature. Tom helped in the garden and had a pig of his own. Maggie sat out on the little porch in the sun, and went for rides in Tom's wheelbarrow.

If you visited Patrick O'Malley on a Sunday afternoon now, you would find him sitting out on the porch smoking his pipe. And he would very likely say to you as he has said to so many of his friends, " It's thankful I am we don't be living in the city any more. Sure an' the city is no place for a poor man! "

Do you agree with him?

Another story provoked many comments. Apparently it succeeded in reflecting life as many of the children see it. It was about Rosie Berger. It was not written out but the teacher's outline is available. This is it:

Rosie Berger

Rosie Berger's parents were German but she was born in this country in a town in Ohio. Her father died when she was in high school, and it became necessary for her to leave school and go to work. She found a job in one of the town's shoe factories, and when she was at home she helped her mother.

Everybody in town liked Rosie. She was never lonely.

She was asked out to a good many parties. And when she went to and from work she was always with friends who laughed and joked with her.

Rosie's cousin was a chauffeur in New York City, and he often suggested that she come to New York and try to get a position there. The pay, he said, was much better than in the shoe factory.

So Rosie came. She found work as a general housework girl in an apartment. She wrote home to her family that New York was beautiful and that she expected to be very happy there. There were two children in the family, a boy and girl eight and ten years old. But to Rosie's surprise, she did not make friends. She didn't mind the work, but she began to feel very lonely indeed. The children forgot to say "Good morning" to her. Nobody remembered to give her the day's paper to look at. The small boy used to take things from the ice-box and the kitchen cupboard without asking for them or saying Thank you. When the little girl had a birthday Rosie made her a beautiful cake with white icing and "Happy Birthday" in pink on it, and the family ate it all up and never gave Rosie a single piece. Of course the hours of work were very long, and Rosie knew so few people in New York that often she didn't have any place to go to on her days out. It was very dreary, and finally she decided that she couldn't stand it any longer.

About this time she heard of a place in a grocery store which she succeeded in getting. She was the only woman clerk. Here the hours were much easier, and she found a pleasant room in a boarding house not very far away. But here instead of not noticing her at all, people were sometimes very rude. If they weren't looked after at once, some of them would follow her around and say in a cross tone, "Please wait on me. I am in a hurry." They often complained about all sorts of things for which she wasn't responsible. They called up over the telephone and asked her to send things at a moment's notice. If things did not

come in time, they were sometimes very angry. The children who came with their mothers sometimes took things from the barrels and boxes, and when she gave them apples or cookies they almost never said Thank you. Nobody was friendly. Nobody asked her where she came from. Nobody joked with her.

Finally Rosie could stand it no longer. She wrote to her mother that she wasn't happy in New York, it wasn't a friendly city, and she wanted to come home. And she went back to Ohio and to her friends there.

The class reported most friendly relations on their part with the storekeepers in the neighborhood, but other customers they said were often very rude, and sometimes their own mothers made trouble by forgetting things.

In connection with discussion of people who are not happy in New York, Nancy cited the Negroes as a group who are unfairly treated. She made a stirring speech. "They are just the same as we are under the skin," she said. And further, "They don't mind because our skin is white," and, "If we were in their country, they wouldn't mind at all; they would treat us all right." With this impassioned address the others of the group were apparently in full sympathy.

Mary at another time mentioned the Jews as being unfairly treated. "People aren't nice to them. Why, my aunt says, 'Those dirty Jews,' and they aren't all dirty, are they?"

Our Service of Worship

The superintendent of the department asked our class to take charge of one of the services of worship in the chapel. Ethel Smith, our secretary, read the letter to the class, and on motion wrote a reply saying that we would be glad to do it. We had been asked to "tell the other children the good things you have found out about New York and also

how it could be improved." This then became our theme. We practiced voices in the chapel, and elected those who could speak most clearly to take the largest responsibilities. On Saturday morning — eight days before the day of our service — we made our final arrangements and rehearsed again in the chapel.

Hymns that bore on our theme were difficult to find. The responsive readings also presented difficulties. Ethel went through the Bible at home and consulted her mother but had nothing to suggest. Finally Mary suggested that the commandments, as arranged in Dr. Hartshorne's *Book of Worship,* were suitable for our purposes. They made her think of a city, especially she said, "Thou shalt not kill," "Thou shalt not steal," and "Love thy neighbor as thyself." The talk and the prayers were written at home. The various introductions were composed informally by teacher and pupils.

On the day of our service the children were much thrilled. They all arrived early, with the exception of Barbara, who had a cold (Polly very graciously though shyly took her part), bearing little papers in their hands. Five pairs of parents were in the congregation. Each item in the service was presented by a different member of the class, and all were unanimous in their desire to stand in the pulpit, although they had to mount a hassock to be seen above its edge. This was the service:

New York City

Call to Worship. In New York City some people are happy and some people are not happy. Let us sing hymn 150, The Fathers Built This City.

The fathers built this city
In ages long ago,
And busy in its busy streets,
They hurried to and fro;

The children played around them,
And sang the songs of yore,
Till one by one they fell asleep,
To work and play no more.

Yet still the city standeth,
A hive of toiling men,
And mother's love makes happy homes,
For children now as then;
O God of ages, help us
Such citizens to be
That children's children here may sing
The songs of liberty!

Let all the people praise Thee,
Give all Thy saving health,
Or vain the laborer's strong right arm
And vain the merchant's wealth;
Send forth Thy light to banish
The shadows of the shame,
Till all the civic virtues shine
Around our city's name.

A commonweal of brothers
United great and small,
Upon our banner blazoned be
The charter, "Each for all!"
Nor let us cease from battle,
Nor weary sheathe the sword,
Until this city is become
The city of the Lord.[2]

Bible Reading. The city would be better if more people kept the commandments. We will read them on page 24.

[2] From *Book of Worship*, by Hugh Hartshorne. Used by permission of Mrs. William G. Tarrant.

The Lord's Prayer

Hymn, This Is My Father's World [3]

This is my Father's world,
And to my listening ears
All nature sings, and around me rings
The music of the spheres.

This is my Father's world,
I rest me in the thought
Of rocks and trees, of skies and seas,—
His hand the wonders wrought.

This is my Father's world,
The birds their carols raise,
The morning light, the lily white,
Declare their Maker's praise.

This is my Father's world,
He shines in all that's fair;
In the rustling grass I hear him pass,
He speaks to me everywhere.

Talk. We have made several trips. I am going to tell you about the things that we have seen in New York that are good, and the things that we think might be improved.

First we went to the Cathedral of St. John the Divine. It will do a lot of good because all nations can go there and pray their own way.

The International House is doing a lot of good. Foreign students come and make friends with other students.

Then we went to Schwarz's to buy toys for the sick children at St. Luke's Hospital. St. Luke's Hospital takes care of a lot of sick people.

[3] From *Thoughts for Everyday Living*. Copyright, 1901, by Charles Scribner's Sons. Used by permission.

Next we went to the library. We went to the room for the blind. They raise the letters. While we were there a blind man came in; he looked very happy. Then we went to the children's room. The lady showed us the very books that Robert Louis Stevenson had when he was a boy. There were books from all nations.

While we were downtown we went to Aeolian Hall to the Radio Corporation broadcasting station. There we saw how you speak over the radio. Radios do a lot of good, because if a ship were in some danger, a message for help could be sent out, and they do a lot of good to sick people.

Last Sunday we made a visit to the Home for Aged Couples. We sang a song and gave them flowers. In return they gave us a box full of all kinds of cards.

These are all the good places we have been to. We are beginning to think that New York is a pretty good city. No, it is not good for some people. These dirty tenement houses all crowded, no light, sometimes no heat, foul air flying all over. Sometimes if they cannot pay their rent they are put out. If they are so poor that the mother has to go out and work, she just has to hope that her children will be all right, and when they get sick she has to send them to a hospital.

When poor foreigners come over here they are not always treated so well. We heard a story of what a hard time Jacob Riis had when he first came to this country. Then later he did a lot of good.

Prayers

O God, our heavenly Father, we are all brothers and sisters. The reason we have war is because we forget that we are all brothers and sisters with the same heavenly Father. In the International House the different nations meet together and love one another, and when they go home they remember their love. O Father of all, what a lot of good this International House will do! Amen.

Dear God, we pray that the cathedral may be finished and that you will help finish it and help people to be happy in it and worship you. Amen.

O God, we thank thee for all you are doing to make little children well and strong, for giving them sunshine and loving friends like Jesus. We thank you, O God, for St. Luke's Hospital to make us well and to think of you and make us more kind one to another. Amen.

Help us to make New York a better place for everybody to live in. Amen.

Hymn. Our last hymn shows some ways in which we can work to make the city better. Let us sing Hymn 120, We March, We March to Victory.

We march, we march to victory,
For the Lord his own is guiding;
We march to fight with the foes of the night,
In the power of Love confiding.

We come in the might of the Lord of light,
A joyful host to meet him;
And we put to flight the foes of night,
That the sons of the day may greet him.

We fight with wrong, and our weapon strong
Is the love which hate shall banish;
And the chains shall fall from each ransomed thrall,
As the thrones of the tyrants vanish.

Long, long is the fight, but the God of light
Is ever watching near us;
And the prayers that rise to the listening skies
Like a song of hope shall cheer us?"

This was a valuable experience for the class in that it summarized and "pointed up" the work of the year. I hoped that it would be a real experience of worship for our

group at least, but I cannot say that I think it was. We did not succeed in avoiding a bit of the "show off" spirit. The children were, however, impressed by the necessity of unity in a service of worship, and they made some discerning comments upon our usual departmental services.

Was our work worth while? Did we accomplish anything? I think we did, but not nearly so much as we might have accomplished with more foresight and better planning on the part of the teacher. Many mistakes in technique were made; time wasted; good leads ignored. We should have been glad to read more, do a little elementary research, perhaps write a little play. Actual cases from social agencies might have been studied. As it was, however, the children became a group of friends working as a team, they had a good time, and they really did grow in a religious interest in New York City. And the teacher? One of the values of a teaching experience of this kind is that it is almost sure to leave the teacher full of eagerness to try it again.

Questions for Discussion

1. What questions might come up at the beginning of a study of how people live together in *your* community which would be similar to those which were sent out to the children's parents?

2. A group in a rural community might visit a dairy, a beautiful garden, institutions in a near-by city. List those excursions which would be possible with your group. What could be learned from each which would be of value in revealing "how people live together"?

3. What other stories in the life of Jesus would be appropriate to use in connection with the study of life in your community?

4. What incidents do you know which could be used as the stories of Patrick O'Malley and Rosie Berger were used to reveal a typical need of people in your community who are not happy?

5. List materials which could be made available for the use of your children in building a worship service around a study of life in your locality.

THE JUNIOR GROUP

THAT CLASS OF BOYS

JEAN GERTRUDE HUTTON

The class was noisy, restless, and inattentive to a degree. They were considered by the superintendent to be "bad boys." Nothing in the service of worship, which was very truly nothing but mere "opening exercises," had the slightest interest for, or made the least appeal to them. In addition, the boys indulged in considerable wild anarchistic and bolshevist talk, evidently a weak echo of misunderstood conversations overheard at home and on the streets. They seemed to feel the whole world against them, as they themselves raised hands against the whole world.

After much prayerful planning and thought, Miss Hay wrote out as her aim for the class: To guide each boy into becoming a consciously participating and producing Christian member of his group and his community, and, eventually, of the world family. It seemed not too much to hope that in the course of a few weeks, the class would voluntarily choose as their own aim for the year: To find out who makes our city, and what we have to do with it. And, possibly, they might add after a time: To find out what makes an ideal city, and what we can do to make ours as good as possible.

Several lines of approach suggested themselves, but the actual approach came through the side yard of the church, a plot of considerable size but very badly kept. On returning to the church one Saturday afternoon from a walk through a beautiful park, the suggestion was made that the yard did not look much like the park, and Miss Hay said, "Well, what can we do about it?"

"We might at least rake up the rubbish," replied the

leader. Thereupon arrangements were made to come the next week with rakes and see what could be done. Miss Hay asked what the city ordinance regarding disposal of refuse was, and, since no one knew, a committee of three was appointed to visit the street-cleaning department and the police department to learn the regulations concerning this point and the lighting of bonfires. When a report was made, a lively discussion arose as to the wisdom of such regulations, and the reason for them. The boys decided that the rules were good ones, that they would not care to live in the vicinity if their neighbors did not keep the rules, and that the city would be a better one if everybody observed the regulations.

Then Miss Hay asked what sort of community theirs would be if every yard looked like the church yard, and the class went actively to work to find out if having a church yard in beautiful condition would make any difference in the block. Grass seed was sowed, flowers and bulbs planted, vines trained over an unsightly fence that could not be removed, and some simple seats were made by the boys from grocery boxes.

All this, of course, took no little time; indeed, the work extended over the whole summer. In the meantime, Miss Hay had extended the boys' ideas by leading them to see what kind of ward theirs would be if every block was like the one in which they lived, and what kind of city theirs would be if every ward were like their own. Then they began to build up an ideal of a perfect city. They spent the Sunday hour reading of the ideal city of the Hebrews, and in finding out the ideal community or kingdom of Jesus, and what he said about it. They discussed the rules of the Hebrews and decided which ones they would like to see in operation in their own city, and which ones they would like to change; which principles of Jesus would make a better city, and whether it was possible to follow all these rules. In all these discussions, Miss Hay was careful to per-

mit and encourage full discussion. She persistently refrained from any dogmatic decisions, and was satisfied to leave a question open till the boys had had time to think all around it. Again and again she was surprised and delighted to see how sane and wholesome their conclusions were.

But Miss Hay did not consider their subject exhausted so long as the interest of the boys was maintained, and she led them to ask one day, "Whose city is this, anyway? Who makes it?"

More investigations, reading, questions and discussions followed and the class made the following list of

MAKERS OF OUR CITY

I. In the city:
   1. The mayor and the city council
   2. Public and civic institutions — police system, city charities and other organizations
   3. Schools, libraries
   4. Churches
   5. Street cleaners, garbage collectors
   6. "Just plain citizens"

II. Outside the city:
   A long list of many people, whom the boys seldom or never saw or thought of, who supplied food, clothing, water, pipes, cars, fuel, and practically every need of life

These lists were made slowly, and much discussion accompanied their forming. For example, when "the mayor" was put down, such questions came up as — How did the mayor come to be mayor? What kind of man is he? Is he a good mayor for our city? What makes a good mayor? Does the Bible say anything about the right kind of man

for public office? Do you agree with these Bible ideas? What kind of man do you think should be elected as mayor or councilman?

In connection with the study of the policemen, the interest and sympathy of the policeman of the block was secured, and one of them came to talk to the boys, and give them his point of view. Permission of the justice of the court was secured, and the occasion being carefully chosen, a visit was made to the court by the entire class. The boys decided that it was necessary to have policemen to make a good city, but, finding ways in which to help them, enrolled themselves consciously on the side of law and order, and took one long step on the way to good citizenship.

Schools, libraries and churches, with their proper care and use, came up for discussion also, and the class decided what a good citizen should do in regard to each, and there was a noticeable change in the disposition of waste paper, the use of books, marking of walls and similar reactions.

The question of the plain citizen's duty was of keen interest, as the boys were quick to see that it was so that most of the cities are made up, and a community where each was an officer was unthinkable. There was no little searching of the Bible for stories of good citizens, and principles by which to be guided in citizenship. The question of taxation received some share of attention, and at least the beginning of an honest scorn for the tax evader was laid.

Attention was next given to the many people outside of the city who help to build the city, and an attempt was made to see if any of these could be left out of the system. Not a little thought was given to the relative value of the work of the preacher and the coal miner, the teacher and the laborer who lays the car tracks, and gradually the boys came to see that each is dependent on all, and that "all service ranks the same with God."

Stories, both in the Sunday session and at the weekday

meetings, of men and women who tried to build better cities, were always popular and instructive, and included tales of men like Joseph, serving a whole nation; David building a better Jerusalem; the story taken from the vivid verse concerning Solomon, *"He built Tadmor in the wilderness";* Nehemiah and his helpers rebuilding a loved city; Riis fighting for a better city for children; Johnson striving to make Cleveland "a happier place to live in, a better place to die in." Many other tales were collected and contributed by the class to show "many men of many minds" and many gifts, serving in many ways, but all needed in the building of the perfect city, which slowly came to mean to them just the great world family of God.

Among the songs which other people sang about their own homelands, with which the class became very familiar, were Psalms 45, 48, 125, 127. They learned to sing America, America the Beautiful, God of Our Fathers, O God Beneath Thy Guiding Hand, and The Recessional, and it was through these that the first steps in real worship were taken under Miss Hay's fostering spirit. When the boys could sing America the Beautiful with ease, she suggested one day that there is much of the spirit of prayer in its stanzas, and asked that it be sung softly and with real meaning. "Can you sing it truthfully?" she asked. "Do you find it hard to be such a citizen as the verses tell about? What are some of the things hard to remember to keep from? Lying, stealing, swearing? Have other people found it hard? There is no reason for being ashamed because it is hard; you need only be ashamed of being afraid to make the fight. Can you find some ways which the men of the Bible found to help them in making their fights to be better citizens?" A search led them to discover prayers for help; prayers, too, of praise and thanksgiving, and selections from these were made, used in unison, committed to memory, and made a permanent part of the boys' religious treasure. As the year drew near to its close, the boys planned a simple little

pageant, showing the things they had learned about their own city, and some of their dreams for its growth and betterment.

Questions for Discussion

After reading this account what, in your opinion, was the real reason for the bad name the class had gained?

Consider the following types of teachers for this class, and state what attitudes toward the church, toward the community, toward law, toward the Bible, toward the standards of Jesus the class would probably develop under the different leaders:

1. A man who would "keep a firm hand on them" — a "disciplinarian."
2. A conscientious woman whose idea of "taking a class" is to teach facts and verses from the Bible.
3. A sporty young man who would organize a base-ball team and would be liked "because he lets us talk base-ball on Sunday."
4. Miss Hay.

What place do you think the developing of right attitudes has in the program of religious education?

Why did Miss Hay bother the police department by sending the boys to ask what she could probably have told them herself?

Of what use was such a list as "Makers of Our City"?

Do you think the boys learned as much about the Bible in the course of the year as if they had been following a set course? Do you think what they did learn had more or less meaning to them than if they had followed the course? Why do you think so?

What worth-while results could you name from the year's work?

A JUNIOR VACATION SCHOOL

EDNA L. ACHESON

This is a diary account (headings added) of scenes in a vacation school held on a seminary campus, which, as the author writes, is " a pen picture of an actual group of boys and girls struggling to *live* together, and of the frantic efforts of a teacher trying to keep up with the 'living'; trying to further it so that fruit might be borne in the lives of these boys and girls."

Encouraging the Children's Initiative

On the first morning of our school the boys and girls played games as they were assembling. When nine o'clock came, they seated themselves under a maple tree at the request of the teacher. The conversation was something like this:

" We're going to meet here every day for a few weeks. What do you think our class ought to do? " asked the teacher.

" Have a picnic," was the prompt reply of one.

" We might hunt up and learn Bible stories," suggested another.

" Yes, and play them," said a third.

" I don't know whether this would be all right or not, but I think we might hunt up new members," said some one else.

" Oh, let's take a mystery hike! " C. offered.

" What's a mystery hike? " scoffed E.

" Yes," said the teacher, " I do not know what a mystery hike is. Do tell us about it."

"Well," said C., "some one writes on slips of paper and tells us where to go. Then we do what the paper says."

"Fun!" exclaimed a child. "Let's!"

"Very well," said the teacher. "Tomorrow morning we'll take a mystery hike. How shall we arrange it?"

"Let you plan it," said one.

"No," said another, "let someone help Miss A."

Thereupon a committee of two was appointed with instructions to meet that afternoon and plan a mystery hike.

"I've only been in A. a few days. Tell me something of it," said the teacher. "How many people live here?"

"Thirty-five thousand," was the reply.

"Are there any people from other lands?"

"Yes, there are Italians here."

"Do you know any of them?"

"Aw, Dagoes! We don't like them. They don't talk like or act like us. We don't like them."

"How many do you know?" innocently asked the teacher.

"Aw, I know a lot."

"Name them. Are their names different?"

Thereupon one name only followed. The teacher's comment was the following incident:

"A class of children in a school near Buffalo were talking about Negroes one day. 'The Negro people are all stupid,' said one of the girls. 'Why?' asked the teacher. 'Oh, there was one in our class one time and he stood at the foot of the class.' Was she fair? Did she know the Negro race? How about Italians?" said the teacher with a merry twinkle. "Let me share a story with you," and Chapter I of *Giovanni* [1] was read.

At the close of the chapter a child asked, "Is all that book about Giovanni? Read us more."

"Surely," promised the teacher. "Would you like to know about some of the boys and girls here in A.?"

"Oh, yes!"

[1] *Giovanni*, Missionary Education Movement, New York.

"I met the teacher at the Italian mission the other day. She was telling me something about her boys and girls. Maybe we could go down there."

"And they could come up here?" questioned some one.

"Splendid!" said the teacher.

"What will we call ourselves, if we ask them up?" questioned J.

"What shall we?" the teacher turned the question on the class.

"This isn't a school. It's more fun. Let's call it 'Joyous School' or 'Joyous Playtime,'" said a child.

"No," decisively announced C., "it will be 'Out for Fun with the Other Fellow First.'"

The matter was dropped and the class dismissed.

Afternoon Committee Meeting

The committee met that afternoon out under the trees. One girl couldn't come so there were only the teacher and the originator of the plan.

"Where shall we go?" she asked.

"Well," said the teacher, "would you like to go around and see the campus? There's a wonderful old tablet in the library, over two thousand years old. There is a printing press here, very interesting."

"Oh, I'd like to see it!" was the reply, and so the trip was arranged.

Slips of paper were typed for each member of the group. They were in true mystery style and began with such words as "hist!" "hearken!" and "hasten!" Each slip gave a direction to be followed and at some time each member of the group acted as leader.

The Mystery Hike

Our supply closet was C. Hall; hence our first stop was there. During the winter some of the boys and girls had

come over to share good times with the students of the departments, and one member of our class had been a member of this group. It was she who piloted us through the building. Here we met Rosie Posy and Peter (two dolls who were to delight " our babies " at a later date). Blocks, toys, paper napkins, clothespins — a bewildering array of possibilities — were shown us.

Leader number three directed us to Hubbard Press and here the story of the man who had seen a need for the perforated church envelope was told. From there leader number three took us to the chapel.

" You may run as fast as you wish but wait at the steps," was the command, and there all were assembled by the time the teacher brought up the rear. Just inside the hall as we entered the chapel the group stopped.

" It's dark there," said some one.

" Once upon a time," said the teacher, " Jesus was riding with a group of people into Jerusalem. ' We can't hear in the temple,' said one to him, ' there is such buzzing confusion that one can hardly worship.' Well Jesus could picture the scene — the doves cooing, the birds squawking, the animals mooing, the money-changers crying out in loud, nasal twang. He knew that the temple worship was impossible. Carefully he considered it and a plan came to him. Once he reached the temple he grasped some knotted rope, and with a just indignation forced the buyers and sellers out of the temple, saying, ' Know ye not that my house is a house of prayer? ' "

As they entered a child repeated, " ' Know ye not that my house is a house of prayer? ' "

Carefully and reverently the group walked to the front and as they talked their voices were subdued to whispers. The story of the wonderful workmanship of the chapel was told, the mosaic work examined and as they stood up on the platform there came a whispered suggestion, " Let's learn our Bible verses and give them here! "

" Wouldn't that be splendid? " agreed the teacher.

The next leader took us to the library and here the wonders of the olden days were enjoyed. Dr. W. met us and most courteously showed us rare and priceless treasures.

A Typical Session

One afternoon the group assembled to play ball. Several eager children joined them. The enthusiasm of those who were members of the school was contagious and they added two members to the group.

At the next session these new friends were present. "When will we go to see Hubbard Press?" brought a question on the part of these two.

"Let's share our trip with them," the teacher suggested. Papers and pencils were brought. Work was suspended a moment for the question, "What kind of work do you think a class like ours ought to stand for?" The conversation implied that one should throw his whole self into the work; that it was hard to do good work all the time; that it was easy to dilly-dally; and that tasks that seemed hard as one thought of them were not really so hard when one forced himself to do them.

"A man summed up all that we have said in a law," said the teacher, and with that copies of Hutchins' *Law of Good Workmanship*[2] were placed in the hands of the children. "Read it through and see which part you think is especially hard to follow."

"Well, we ought to do good work here, for a lot of people are going to see our work," said one.

"Is that the reason? Ought that to make any difference?" asked the teacher.

"No, but it helps to make us want to do our best."

"Ah," said the teacher, "maybe that's why teachers are in schools — to help us do our best all the time. What would happen if every one did the right thing in the right

[2] See *Good American Vacation Lessons,* Danielson and Stooker, page 4.

way? Should we need to lock our doors? Should we need policemen? "

"Yes, for traffic."

"As many? "

"Oh, no! "

"Well," said the teacher, "Paul wrote a letter long ago, and in it he urged each one to be 'a workman that needeth not to be ashamed.' Let's read the law through before we begin our writing."

"Jesus wrote a story about doing little tasks faithfully," said the teacher when the patience limit for careful thinking and writing seemed reached.

The parable in Matthew twenty-five was read and discussed. As the class became restless the verse, "Thou hast been faithful over a few things," was referred to.

Interpretative Teaching

"What shall we do about our name? " some one asked and further discussion followed. "Little Students" was added to the list, but no definite action was taken.

The following records of the trip were read:

July 3. Tuesday morning we took a trip around the campus. First we went through a part of C. Hall and planned what we would do with some material that was there. We stopped at the Hubbard Press and said that some day we would go through there. Then we went to the W. Memorial Chapel. The chapel was made by Tiffany and is one of the most beautiful in the United States. We said we would learn some Bible verses and have a little service there. We then read the inscription under the marble memorial to Dr. W. and we also saw the class rooms. Then we went to the library where Dr. H. showed us many interesting things. There was a slab from the palace of an Assyrian king. On it was the figure of the spirit of the air which was signified by its horned cap and wings. He was

holding some palm leaves. There was also a kind of diary carved on it. Here the king wrote things which occurred in his reign. We also were shown old Hebrew Bibles and tablets. E. W.

In the library I saw the clay vase that they put wine in on the grave so they can feed the soul. I. C.

At the Hubbard Press they make church envelopes. B. N.

"Do the things which you have written come up to the law of good workmanship? What are some of the tests?" brought the responses that the work ought to be that of which they would never be ashamed.

"Well, we could have done better if ——" began the boy with a guilty conscience.

"That's just what we're talking about," added some one else, "to write so we won't be ashamed of it."

"Just to write?" asked the teacher. "Can one live up to the law of good workmanship at home? What tasks do you do at home?"

"Take care of sister," "Run errands," "Wash dishes," were the responses.

"Can you live up to 'a workman that needeth not to be ashamed' there? Is there any other test to our good workmanship law?"

"Yes," was the response, "not to do slipshod and merely passable work."

"If," said E., "you work well during arithmetic all the year you can be excused from exams at the end."

"A case of 'Thou hast been faithful over a few things' isn't it, E.?" said the teacher. "In the town where I used to teach a new electric machine was being installed. The workmen had finished. Every one of the thirteen men in the plant was called down to try out the new machinery. The button was switched on and within five minutes a terrible explosion had occurred and many were injured or killed. Of course the company began to investigate. They found that a label was supposed to be put on the outside

of part of the machine, cautioning the workmen that a change had been made in the construction and that it was no longer safe to place the machine as old machines had been placed. But some workman had done slipshod work and a catastrophe had followed. Is there any other part of our good workman test to apply to our written lesson? "

" Yes, we ought to do good work, no matter whether any one sees us or not."

The teacher told the story of the boy who took for his device " Faithful in that which is least." [3]

Planning a Play

The children wanted to keep their copies of the law of good workmanship. Record books were started and plans made for their completion. The teacher asked, " When we began we planned to dramatize Bible stories. Would you like to play the faithful story? "

" Oh, yes! " was the response.

Volunteers for parts were given. We tried playing it but were unsuccessful.

" Some one ought to write it," said a child.

" Who will? " asked the teacher.

Two volunteered. A discussion took place of the persons of the play, setting, properties, what parables are, why Jesus used them, and the meaning of this parable.

The following is a child's summary of the two days' sessions:

July 5. Thursday morning we talked about the things we did on Tuesday and wrote about them. We decided to keep a kind of diary about the things we did every day. Then we played together in the back yard, but the grass was so wet that we could not play any more games. Then we went in and talked about the law of good workmanship.

[3] " He That Is Faithful," page 132 from *Ethics for Children,* by Ella Lyman Cabot.

July 6. Friday morning we talked some about the law of good workmanship and about the parable of the master and the three servants. We decided to have a play next week on the subject of the parable. E. was to write the play. Then we mounted our record of Tuesday and copies of the law of good workmanship.

Making a Difficult Decision

The first question which greeted the teacher on Monday, July 9th, was, "Do we have school tomorrow?"

"Why?" was the response.

"It's the circus."

"Let's vote yes or no."

"Are you ready to vote?" asked the teacher.

"Yes," replied the group in confidence.

"I'm going," announced one of the boys. "I'm going to go up tonight and see if I can't water the horses."

"I'm not so sure that you are ready to vote," replied the teacher. "I think we'd better talk the matter over first. What are the benefits that you would get from going to the circus parade?"

"See all the things," said one.

"Animals!" "Clowns!" "Ponies!" "Elephants!" came in quick succession.

"We'd hear music, good music," ejaculated another, "see the crowd and hear the talk and oh, just have fun!"

"What do you get from coming here?"

"We learn things, play games, run races and have our practice for the play."

"Which things are most important of the two lists?"

"Learn things!" "Practice the play!" were the responses.

"Couldn't we do both?" asked some one else. "We'd come this afternoon and study."

"I wish we could do both," replied the teacher, "and

ordinarily we might. You know, however, that we are to have guests at our class and tomorrow they come for the first time. At any other time we might arrange for something else for them, but we can't arrange that now. Every now and then you have to decide whether you'll do the task which is harder but which you know is right, or do the one which is easier and more fun. Which would your mother prefer that you do? "

Responses varied but all but one thought she'd prefer them to come here.

" One of Jesus' friends had to make a decision like that at one time."

Here followed the story of Judas, his life with Christ and his continued refusal to live up to the best in himself. This was followed by a prayer for strength. It might easily have been linked up with " Thou hast been faithful over a few things," introduced by the question, " Did Judas become hardened all at once? How? What do you suppose were some of the first slips he made? "

TEACHER: " I'm not going to ask you your decision. You'll show it tomorrow," and with that they turned to other activities.

Deciding on a Name

The circus day arrived. Long before time for the class session P. came bounding up the steps of the big porch where the class met, crying, " They're late! They've had some trouble with the cars and the men at the depot say that they won't be here until ten o'clock. I'm going to stay here on the porch with you." He paused a minute, then added regretfully, " But I did want to get a job carrying water so I could go."

The teacher felt like a hard taskmaster, for P. lived with an aged grandmother and could go to the circus only if he earned his way in.

" When the train whistle blows I don't know what I'll do," he concluded.

Eleven of the twelve were in their places at nine. Every time a train whistle blew (the station was two blocks away) P. would glance at the teacher, smile and go on with his work.

Only one of the two volunteers (a sixth-grade girl) had written a play — the following, which she read to the others:

The Talents

Scene 1

A servant is standing beside a chair which is pushed away from a table. Another servant is sitting at the table looking over a book of accounts. The lord of the vineyard enters and seats himself in the chair. The servant bows low and retires to the other end of the room. The other servant hands the book to the master who looks it over.

MASTER (*to First Servant*): Bring hither those three worthy servants who are at work in the vineyard now. (*The servant bows and retires from the room and comes back with three servants, two of whom wait in silence in one corner of the room.*) I am going into a far country. I leave with thee these five shillings. Keep them until I return and then render me an account. (*Servant bows and retires. Master beckons to second servant.*) Unto thee I give two coins. (*To third.*) Unto thee I give one shilling. (*Then standing and facing servants.*) My servants, I trust that ye are faithful and in that belief I place in your care this money. Keep it until I return, for I am going into a far country, and then render me an account.

SERVANTS (*bowing*): It shall be as thou commandest.

All the servants leave the room. Master studies the account book a little more and then he too leaves the room.

Scene 2

There are two or three tables at which small groups of men who are talking and arguing are seated. At one table

there is only one man, while before him is the first servant of the master.

SERVANT: I would have a hin of oil for this shilling which I give thee.

He is presented with a cask of oil and walks away. The merchant is still seated at the table when the second servant enters.

SECOND SERVANT: I would have a kab of grain for these coins.

He receives grain and leaves.

Scene 3

The table is placed as in Scene 2. The first servant is seated at a table and the merchant who is his customer stands before him.

MERCHANT (*pointing to cask*): How much must I offer for your hin of oil?

FIRST SERVANT: Ten talents.

MERCHANT (*sighing*): Thy price is dear but still I will take it.

Hands money and goes out. Second servant is seen seated at table and a customer comes in and stands before table.

CUSTOMER: What wilt thou take for thy kab of grain?

SECOND SERVANT: Four talents.

CUSTOMER: I am satisfied with thy price.

Takes grain and goes out followed by the servant with coins.

Scene 4

Master is seated at a table. Servant is busy at the same table, keeping accounts. The three servants are in a corner of the room.

MASTER: Render me thine account.

FIRST SERVANT: Lord, thou deliveredst unto me five talents and lo, I bring thee ten talents.

MASTER: Well done, thou good and faithful servant, thou

hast been faithful over a few things, I will set thee over many. Enter thou into the joy of thy lord.

Servant bows and retires.

MASTER (*to Second Servant*): Render thine account.

SECOND SERVANT (*bowing*): Lord, thou gavest unto me two talents and lo, to thee I now give four.

MASTER: Well done, thou good and faithful servant, thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will set thee over many. Enter thou into the joy of thy lord.

MASTER (*to Third Servant*): Render thine account.

THIRD SERVANT: Lord, I knew thee that thou art a hard man, reaping where thou didst not sow, and gathering where thou didst not scatter, and I was afraid, and went away and hid my talent in the earth. Lo, thou hast thine own.

MASTER: Thou wicked and slothful servant, thou knewest that I reaped when I sowed not, and gathered where I did not scatter. Therefore thou oughtest to have put my money to the bankers, and at my coming I should have received back mine own with interest. Take ye therefore the talent from him and give it to him that has ten talents. For unto every one that hath shall be given, and he shall have abundance, but to him that hath not, even that which he hath shall be taken away.

"When will we give it?" demanded a child.

"Where?" said another. "May I be the master?"

"Will we have costumes?"

"I've some pictures that will show the costumes," said E.

"Will you bring them tomorrow?" asked the teacher.

"Yes," she replied.

"So have I," said B. "I'll bring them right after class. Or shall I go get them now?"

"Tomorrow will be all right," said the teacher.

"Whom shall we ask to our party?"

"Let's ask Dr. H., the librarian who showed us around; he was so kind to us."

"How?"

"Oh, we'll write," and thereupon invitations were written.

"I think we should ask Dr. S."

"And Dr. J."

"Mrs. J. gives us her porch every day; let's ask her."

"Mr. D. asked us to play Thursday afternoon and we had such fun. Let's ask him."

"What shall we call ourselves? We have no name."

"Well, let's decide right now," said B., "and then let's elect officers."

We had talked about editing a paper to share with home people.

"We can have our editor the president," came the suggestion.

"What were the names suggested?" asked the teacher.

"Joyous Playtime," "Out for Fun," "Joyous Students," "Little Students."

"Have you any suggestions? Do they include all that we want?" said the teacher.

"No," said one, "they're just about fun and play."

"Once upon a time," began the teacher and the class settled back with a sigh of pleasure, "Jesus was talking to a crowd of people."

Thereupon followed the story of the man who built his house on the sand and the one who built his house on the rock.

"And so," concluded the teacher, "the house of the master builder stood and that of the other fell."

"Master builder? Let's be Master Builders," suggested G. And so the group became Master Builders. Class officers were then elected.

Working on the Play

"Where shall we give our play?" was the question that greeted the teacher the next day.

"You may send a committee to see," said the teacher.

"Let's all go," and the class walked about and talked over possibilities of various spots on the campus. Finally one was decided upon.

"Let's write our notes."

Volunteers wrote, copied, and delivered invitations as follows:

To Dr. J., whose porch was the schoolroom:

Dear Dr. J.:

We want to thank you for the use of your porch for our school. We're giving a play Friday at 9:50 under the tree just by the Library. We'd like you to come.

The Master Builders

To Dr. S., who had made the school possible:

My dear Dr. S.:

We want to tell you how much we enjoy our school here and we want you to enjoy a play which we are giving Friday. It will be at 9:50 under the tree beside the Library.

The Master Builders

After another child had written to Mr. D. and thanked him for the good time they had playing with him, the teacher said, "We have all but Dr. H.'s invitation. What shall I do about it? Shall I read the others?"

"Then we can vote," suggested Isabel, nodding wisely and smiling in happy anticipation, for she had been one of the tellers in the past election. One by one the letters were read. The class agreed that three of them were best and put the three aside to consider.

"What shall we do?" asked the teacher.

"Read them again, please," said P.

"I like that second," said E.

"Well," responded B., "the first is better."

E., the peacemaker, stepped in now. "Let's have Miss A. put the best of the three together and send it to Dr. H."

"Very well," said the teacher; "who will copy it?"

"Let's have a writing contest," said B., and his eyes twinkled as if that was a very clever idea.

"What of our play?" puzzled the teacher.

"I'll write the letter. Let's get at the play," hastily replied H.

"Fine," said the teacher. "Here are the pictures E. brought," and the class crowded around the table to examine them. "What shall we have in our street scene?"

"Here's a street scene," said B. "Look at those nets."

"Oh," said G., "we'll use tennis nets."

Meantime B. had been studying the play. "How much is a 'hin'?" she asked.

"Do you know, E.?" asked the teacher.

"No," she replied; "I'll ask father."

"Here is a Bible dictionary. Hunt it up there."

"Yes," said B., "and find out how much a 'kab' is, too."

"G., here is a description of a market scene of long ago. Read it, you and P., and tell the rest of us about how we shall fix our scene," said the teacher, handing them Harold Hunting's *Hebrew Life and Times*. "And here," she added, turning to B. and D., "is another description," giving them Grant's *Life and Time of Jesus*.

They found that merchants, judges and wise men would sit in the market; that there would be a group of gossips; that bargaining would be carried on by the merchants and neighbors; that market was held in a "gate" — an open space in front of a hole in the wall.

Two members acted out the dickering of the buyers. One small lad unconsciously snorted as the market scene was being portrayed, and he was descended upon by the teacher in a way almost out of proportion to the snort. Reference was made to their law of good workmanship and how they tried to do their very best, but it wasn't entirely to the

point. Doubtless it would have been far better to refer to the matter laughingly and pass over it very lightly.

Another group showed the wise man and his following.

"Who was the famous wise man who taught Paul?" asked the teacher.

"I don't know, but I'll find out for tomorrow," said C.

Reports were given that a "hin" was one and a half gallons of liquid measure, and a "kab" was four pints of dry measure.

The scenes were planned, and the children agreed upon specific properties which they would bring.

Finishing Touches on the Play

"Here is a note from Dr. J.," said G., whose task had been the delivery of his note. "May I read it?"

"And Dr. H. says he is sorry he cannot come to our play," added the teacher.

"Mr. D. is busy then," said P., "so he can't come."

"I don't think Dr. S. is," said E. "No doubt he'll be there."

The class divided into groups and fixed the stage properties.

"We'd really write a better play now," some one wisely added.

"Well, I'll be the wise man," said J. "I'm going to make me a long pipe like that one in the picture."

"I'll carry a water-jar across as that lady is doing," said M., as she joined the group who were eagerly scanning the pictures which had been placed on the wall.

"Gamaliel was the wise man who taught Paul," said C. "And father read where the Bible said Paul sat at his feet. That wise man's name is the same as one of President Harding's."

"Gamaliel, Gamaliel," G. kept repeating.

"Careful, G. Don't be satisfied with doing something

you'd be ashamed of, if the whole world saw. 'Thou hast been faithful over a few things,'" laughingly reminded the teacher.

Giving the Play

On the day that the play was given the schoolroom resembled a workshop. The boys carried benches for the guests, the girls stitched on costumes and arranged the stage properties. After the dramatization the class sat down beside its guests.

"Once upon a time," began the teacher, and told the story of the campfire girl who carried through to the end, from Hartshorne's *Manual for Worship*.

This was followed by a prayer.

"We have our leaders to see that all the properties and chairs are put away," continued the teacher. "Remember there are classes in session. 'He that is faithful in that which is least' has a chance of becoming a Master Builder." And with that, speedy but quiet work was made of putting away the borrowed properties. And so the play, with its attending problems and its education in attitudes, was over.

Encouraging Interest in Italians

(Note: See first session, at which a derogatory remark about "dagoes" was made. This led to the following ways of arousing a friendly feeling.)

There had been stories of our little Italian friends and some discussion about the Italians in A. The Italian number of *Everyland* had been placed on our tables, B. had brought *The National Geographic* numbers which dealt with Italy, the Giovanni story was read, and all the information that we could find had been gathered together.

Some of us visited the Neighborhood House, sponsored by the women of the city. There we saw the boys and girls in the library and heard about their playground. The club

leader told us stories about the superstitions which the children still believed.

" One little girl did not come to school," she said, " and we called to find out why. We found that she was afraid to cross the street. ' But,' her mother added brightly, ' she can come now. The priest has blessed this ' — and she held up a paper charm — ' and no automobile can run over her.' "

We went through the Italian quarter of the city and found houses all huddled together, dirt and unpleasant surroundings for the most part. Now and then there were neat, tidy, attractive homes and one saw what possibilities there were in these citizens.

" What do the Italian men and women hope for when they come to America? " asked the teacher.

" Something they don't get," said one.

" Are you friendly? " laughed the teacher.

One morning we decided to make a sand-table scene of our Italian friends. Two boys were sent to the garage to get the box for sand. Four others got sand from the gardener and the girls began to dress dolls in Italian peasant costumes. In one corner of the box the boys made Vesuvius and its crater. The bay of Naples was placed on one side, E. made houses for the street, H. the sidewalk, M. brought some goats, G. manufactured a wagon for them, and E. dressed a boy to drive them. C. invented some macaroni stands and used nearly a ball of twine in order to arrange dangling macaroni.

H. laboriously labored on the funicular railroad, and as he worked we all sang Funiculi, Funicula! The whole story of Giovanni was gone over and a puppet show was enacted with him and his friends as the central figures.

Some of the girls made posters of what Giovanni would see in Italy, and some one else showed what he found in America. Then B. spied questions on Italy in the Italian number of *Everyland* and quizzed us to see how much we knew.

We found we knew so little that we began to gather facts.

We visited the Chamber of Commerce and found that the population of A. was 36,192, and that of this there were 2,251 Italians, and that the total foreign population was 7,579. We hunted in the Almanac and found that there were 781,664 Italians in New York City, a greater number than in Rome, whose population is 650,000, or Naples, with a population of 723,208 people, and that of the immigration for 1920, 35,056 were Italians — a larger proportion than that of any other nation.

We found, too, from some magazine, that immigrants come into the United States through New York, San Francisco and Boston. Miss S. had visited Ellis Island and she told us the story of what she saw there.

A Visit to the Italian Mission

(Quotations from various children's accounts give a composite of the visit to the Italian Mission, the invitation to which came from the Italian children.)

"Last Wednesday we went down to the Italian Mission. . . . They sang nice songs. They gave us some nice Italian cakes and some candy that they eat when they have a wedding."

"We saw the way the people dress and some things that they wear on their heads."

"There was a little girl who had come from Italy four years ago. She remembered some of the things from Italy — that they all wore earrings there. It seems to be a custom. . . . She said 'How do you do?' in Italian."

"One little girl had curly hair and earrings on."

"The Mission has an Italian minister so that he can talk in their language. They haven't had a chance to learn English long enough to use it, for fathers and mothers can't go to school. The children go to school and learn about

things here, and they go home and teach the English language to their parents."

"In the Italian church the people are Italians. They do not keep quiet but talk all the time. They have a peculiar kind of flag. The flag is red, white and green. In the center of the white is a shield and over the shield is a crown of blue."

"At the mission there were little tiny babies. When they'd cry their sisters told them to keep still and stop crying. Sometimes they put a hymn book over their mouths. Several times the teacher had to take the babies. If they had more teachers they could get along better. They need some one to care for the babies."

"They sometimes have a night school so that the fathers and mothers can learn."

"When they get to know our ways they will know that we are all right."

(Comment by Q. at a class session: "The Italians are good people after all.")

Prayers Composed After the Visit

"O God, please help these children that come over the seas. Help them to learn our ways. Help them to respect our country and flag. O Father, help them to believe in you. We ask in Jesus' name. Amen."

"Dear heavenly Father, bless the children of other lands; that they will not be laughed at even if they are a little strange. Dear Father, help us to teach them our way. Amen."

"Dear Father in heaven, we are thankful for what thou hast given us. We thank thee because thou hast sent these little Italian boys and girls to our country to learn our ways."

"Dear heavenly Father, be with the foreigners who come over to the United States. We laugh at their peculiar customs, clothes and language, but do not realize how peculiar

we would look in their country. May it be that they will grow up to be good Americans, and have plenty of good times and succeed here. May it also be that they will like it here and learn to love our country as well as we do. Amen."

(Offered by the teacher.)

"O God, our heavenly Father, this land of ours offers hope, joy, and freedom to those people who come over from other lands. They dream great dreams and plan many visions as they assemble. Sometimes, however, they find that this land which seemed a land of opportunity to them becomes a land of oppression. Long, hard labor is required to earn daily bread. There are new ways and new customs to be learned. There are strange and unusual sounds to be learned. It is most difficult for them, O Father, and we feel troubled about it. May we, whenever an opportunity offers, help those who with their high hopes have sought us. May we make their people our people. May we hope that our ways will become their ways. They need every aid we can muster up to help them. Grant us the courage to seek that help which they need. In Jesus' name. Amen."

A Turtle and Ethics

As E. rode to school she saw a turtle.

"Oh," she cried breathlessly, "I nearly ran over a turtle as I was coming to school. Won't you please come and see it?"

The class hardly waited for her to finish the sentence before it had started on its way to see the curious sight of a turtle ambling down the sidewalk of a city street.

"Where do you suppose it came from?" "Could we keep it?" "No, it won't live." "What will it eat?" "Flies and bugs," — came the rapid-fire comment of the children.

"Whose is it, do you suppose?" somebody inquired.

"Well, there's a hole in the shell here in the back," G. and

B., who had been carefully examining the turtle, offered. "I think some boy has had it tied up with a string in that hole."

"Yes," added J., "I know a boy up street who had a turtle. This belongs to him."

J.'s older sister impatiently cut short any such idea with, "O J., you don't know! Maybe it doesn't."

"'Finders keepers, losers weepers,'" laconically retorted G.

"What if it were *your* turtle?" asked the teacher.

"Well ——!"

"If they'd give us some money for taking it back," began B.

"Would that make any real difference?" challenged the teacher.

E. ventured, "I think we ought to take it back."

"Naw!" chorused the group.

Mr. J. arrived and suggested, "We might take it to the brook."

"What about the boy who has had it?" queried the teacher.

"Does it belong to him or to the brook?" replied Mr. J.

"Well," began B., whose brain had been active, "we might take it to the people and try to persuade them to take it to the brook."

So a committee of boys was appointed to negotiate.

"Let B. do the talking. He's oldest," said P.

"Yes," J. added to her brother, "you keep still. Don't spoil it all."

"Make them tell what kind of a turtle they lost," shouted L., as the boys started off. "They might be tempted to take it."

The committee found that the turtle belonged to a boy who was away for the summer, so all the children escorted it to the river.

"Oh," said G., the smallest girl in the group, as she

watched the turtle in the muddy water, "do you think he can live in that dirty water?"

And B., the oldest boy, wondered, "Was a turtle worth all that trouble? If it had been a diamond ring it would have been different."

"Would it, B.?" asked the teacher. "Suppose the turtle had been G.'s?"

A Service of Worship

A service of worship was planned to which the boys and girls of a local church and the Italian children from the mission would be invited.

The children decided that it should include prayer, hymns, songs, story, Scripture lesson and benediction. They decided to memorize the Scripture, prayer and hymns, and to send an order of service to their guests, so that they might memorize these, if they cared to do so.

Practicing the songs led to an interesting discussion on the question, When does one praise God? The responses were, — "At church," "Reading the Bible," "Praying," "Singing," "Going to Sunday School," "Being a missionary or minister," "Living right," "Playing fair," and "Trying to do the best you can."

Finally the service was given, two boys acting as ushers and giving the programs to the guests. Before going to the chapel the following prayer, composed by a child, was offered.

"Dear heavenly Father, make this meeting a success. Help the ones who take part therein. Help the people to get something out of this service. Bless the foreign people of this town. And help all of us to live better. We ask this in Jesus' name. Amen."

Service of Worship

Conducted by the Master Builders

A. T. S., Thursday, July 26, 1923

Order of Service

Prelude
Call to Worship (Congregation sitting)
Prayer
Hymn No. 512 (Omit verse 5. Congregation standing)
Unison Scripture, Psalm 121
Hymn, *For the Beauty of the Earth*

For the beauty of the earth,
For the beauty of the skies,
For the love which from our birth
Over and around us lies,
Now, O God, to thee we raise
This our hymn of grateful praise.

For the wonder of each hour
Of the day and of the night,
Hill and vale and tree and flower,
Sun and moon and stars of light,
Now, O God, to thee we raise
This our hymn of grateful praise.

For the joy of human love,
Brother, sister, parent, child,
Friends on earth, and friends above,
For all gentle thoughts and mild;
Now, O God, to thee we raise
This our hymn of grateful praise.

For thyself, best Gift Divine!
To our race so freely given,
For that great, great love of thine,
Peace on earth and joy in heaven;
Now, O God, to thee we raise
This our hymn of grateful praise.

Scripture Lesson (Congregation sitting) C., B., and E. N.
Prayer
Story
Leader's Prayer
Hymn No. 156 (Congregation standing)
Benediction (Congregation sitting) P. B.
Postlude

The Party for the Italians

The final event of the Master Builders was a party at which the children from the Italian Mission were guests. Plans were eagerly made and every one entered into them with a wholehearted devotion good to see.

They agreed to have an "everybody's birthday party," and eighty invitations had to be written. One committee selected and bought the postal cards and everybody helped write them.

"Do you suppose Jeno is a boy or a girl?" asked L. as she wrote Jeno Percesseppe.

"I don't know," replied the teacher.

"Oh, father will," said E. quickly. "He knows the people at the mission."

"Listen!" she continued, reading her card before addressing it to Filomina Corncello; "here's the nicest card to send to a girl I don't know. Isn't it?" and she read this rhyme:

"I can't call you an old friend,
But I hope that by and by,
When we've lived a few years longer,
We'll be old friends, you and I."

A second committee planned the refreshments.

"But how much shall we buy?" they asked when all had agreed that a birthday party meant ice cream.

"I think the cook at the Silliman Club House will help you," suggested the teacher, and the whole committee waited anxiously while B. telephoned to see if the cook had time to help.

"She told us that a quart of brick ice cream would serve eight people," the committee reported to the class.

"Ten bricks for the Italians," interjected G., in a stage whisper.

"And that F.'s is the best place to buy it," the chairman continued, with an impatient glance at G. "We can have it delivered to the kitchen of the club, and she has some dishes we can use if we need them."

"We'll do the ordering and run the errands," said B., the boys' spokesman.

"And we can all help serve the ice cream, can't we?" asked the girls.

"Who'll wash dishes?" laughed the teacher.

"Father said he'd call for some of the boys and girls in his auto," continued B., a bit impatient at the interruption.

"I know Mr. J. will, too," added G.

"That's a good idea," said the teacher. "Will you boys take care of that?"

Making fancy caps for every child to wear was an exciting event. L. was very clever in designing, cutting and directing the others in their cap manufacturing, so she assumed charge. The teacher was called away just as they were finishing the last cap. When she returned she found three boys and one girl down on their hands and knees picking up bits of paper.

"It's so the janitor won't have so much to do," vociferously yelled G., when the teacher was within hailing distance.

"Fine!" said the teacher. "It's harder to clean up than to make caps."

" ' Thou hast been faithful over a few things,' " said L., dimpling as she spoke.

" What shall we do with the caps that are left? " asked the teacher.

" Give 'em to the Orphan Asylum," said J.

" Caps that no one wants," said L. " But I won't give them *my* cap, so there! "

" Once upon a time Jesus was watching some people go into the church," so the teacher began the story of the Widow's Mite. " And," she finished, " Jesus said unto his disciples, ' Verily I say unto you, this poor widow cast in more than all they which are casting into the treasury; for they did cast in that which they did not want, but she did cast in all that she had.' "

Some of the younger children in the meantime were working on scrapbooks and toys for the mission, which they sent with the following note:

Dear Miss S.:

We think that you have a hard time because so many of the babies come to your school. We think the mothers may go away or be so busy that the babies have to come in. We are sending these picture-books so that they'll help to keep the babies quiet.

Lovingly yours,
The Master Builders.

The afternoon of the party L. was the first to arrive. " I'm going to send my cap to the Orphan Asylum," she said. " And my apron, too," she added as she and E. and the other girls showed the boys under which tree to put the little table for the smallest guests.

" Hurry! " she called, as she turned toward the house, " for it's almost one-thirty and we've got to fix the napkins, and put the plates and spoons on, and get the caps fixed and go for the flowers Mrs. S. said we could have out of her

garden. It'll be two-thirty before we know it, and the boys and girls will be here before we're ready to play with them."

There was a happy mixing of races at the party, and the note from the head of the mission was evidence of the spirit of brotherliness which had grown since the first session of the class, when Italians were "Dagoes."

Dear Miss A. and Boys and Girls of the Master Builders:

We just want to tell you what a fine time we had at the party. We surely enjoyed our birthday very much indeed.

We also want to thank you for the picture-books. The little children like to look at them. You see if the babies didn't come the older sisters would have to stay home, because they have to take care of the baby. We shouldn't like that at all, should we?

We should be very glad to have any of you come to see us any time.

Accept our thanks for the lovely time at the party.

Very sincerely,
Miss S. and the Boys and Girls
of the Italian Mission.

Questions for Discussion

1. What evidences, if any, are there that this record is an illustration of project teaching?

2. What evidences are there that the teacher left much to the initiative of the children? Does this mean that she had no prepared program? Give your proof.

3. What makes activity purposeful?

4. What is the difference between the ordinary idea of "handwork," and the children's activities told of here, in the opportunities for original thinking, practice in Christian living (making right choices), sustained interest, and purposefulness?

5. Examine the record to discover which came first:

(1) Worship, or experiences from which worship was the outgrowth?

(2) Learning of Bible verses or activities which suggested them?

(3) Story-telling, or a problem which suggested the need of a story?

(4) Ethical discussion or situations which provoked them?

6. State what you think was the teacher's aim, and then check the following possible aids in the order of their importance, indicating which method or methods contributed most.

Bible stories	" Handwork "
Memorization	Parties
Discussion	Personal experiences
Games	Experiences of others (stories)
Worship	Dramatization

AN OBSERVER REPORTS

CHARLOTTE CHAMBERS JONES

It was an extremely warm day in August when an ordinary Sunday-school teacher, on the trail of new ideas and inspiration, strolled up to the back porch of a cottage, having been told that a daily vacation school under skillful guidance was then and there in progress. The notes from a victrola floated soothingly out over the lawn, and for a moment the inquiring teacher paused to listen. The tune was a Negro spiritual, the words something about "All God's Chillun Got Shoes."

"What!" said the visitor to herself. "This can't be the right porch!"

But it was, for there were the children, all eagerly bending their heads over some momentous task spread out on the long table about which they sat.

"How would this picture look at the top of mine?" inquired one, jumping up unexpectedly.

"Do you like it, Donald?" asked a quiet voice.

"Well, not exactly, but it's the first Negro picture I've found. Wait, here's a copy of the *Missionary Herald;* maybe there'll be a better one in here."

"Hooray! Mine's all done, — only I haven't any border around it."

"Do you think that would make it look better?"

"Yes, I do! I always like borders, but I hate to do them."

"Suppose we try a new way," suggested the resourceful leader, demonstrating a practical method.

It worked — marvelously well, after only one rehearsal. And now the striking poster with its catchy pickaninny at

the top and its original legend about making the acquaintance of our little colored sisters and brothers, took on a new air of completeness and balance, — all by the addition of a simple black outline around the mounted picture and a heavy border which made the whole hang together.

"Now can we play the story you read us yesterday — the one about Lincoln?" asked a vigorous lad of eleven, giving his mounted masterpiece one last whack. "You said we could, you know!"

"Well, who's going to be Lincoln?" was the first question to be settled.

"Don't ask me! I can't remember it all!" remarked the same boy cheerfully.

Various other possibilities were suggested, only to be quickly declined by the ones favored, who, however, agreed to take some of the less conspicuous parts. Evidently we were to witness a country school scene somewhere in the South.

"But we can't play it without Lincoln himself," reminded the leader, after all the other parts had been assigned.

"Oh, all right!" volunteered the first boy, after deep thought. "I s'pose somebody's got to do it!" And with a whoop he had cleared the steps over to a bush out on the lawn, which on some previous occasion of similar nature had evidently been selected as a part of the wings. The others, too, scattered to their respective entrances off-stage, and at the ring of the improvised schoolbell the play was on.

In trooped the members of the cradle roll, along with those more advanced, the anxious teacher, and even two dignified county officials who that morning happened to be visiting. All were seated, the youngest on the floor. Then along sauntered the hero in a leisurely and aimless fashion, his nose glued to the pages of a book from which he was reading aloud in a halting and strongly pronounced southern dialect.

"Lincoln Washington Paul!" ejaculated the temporary

teacher in great exasperation. " Yo' late again? Well, now yo've fo'f'ted yo' seat, so yo' kin jes' sit right down dah on de flo' wi' de cradle roll! "

Thus began the first scene in the struggle of a small colored youth to wrest for himself a much-desired education. And so the play went on, with surprising ease on the whole, only here and there a hitch over some unusually difficult part suggesting the expediency of backing up in order to get the impetus of a fresh start. The boys and girls actually lost themselves in the parts and acted with a naturalness and sympathetic understanding of the situation which seemed quite remarkable to the amused and amazed onlooker.

Next came another instalment read from the same story, depicting the life of Lincoln Washington Paul, and this was followed by a poem about a little colored boy. Everything fitted in to bring to the minds of these Juniors a vivid picture of life in the southern states, some of the differences in the advantages north and south, but more especially the resemblances between their own likes and interests and those of their colored brothers and sisters, in order to build up that understanding and appreciation which always follow such an acquaintance.

Pictures had been taken of some of their colored friends in town, and these were now distributed and scanned with great interest. It seemed as though they really were acquainted with their new friends, too, for they called them by name with as little hesitation as they did one another, pointing out Sammy, John Henry, and even Sammy's grandmother.

Then plans were completed for a wonderful event, to take place that very afternoon. There was to be a real party, and the honored guests were none other than a dozen or more of the children from a colored Sunday school in the vicinity. The blackboard was scrupulously scrubbed, the long table cleared of the last vestige of paste and poster scraps, and a festive crêpe-paper tablecloth camouflaged its bare boards.

Oranges and lemons were squeezed with vigor, while from the kitchen came the appetizing odor of chocolate fudge.

"This ought to be good," whispered the observer to her neighbor. "Let's drop around at the scheduled time this afternoon and see what happens."

And drop around we did, but hosts and guests were there before us, yelling over a game of dodge ball as though they had played together all their lives. Apparently there was no embarrassment on either side — just one healthy group of boys and girls running about and entering into each game with as fine a spirit as could have been manifested anywhere. When the game seemed especially fitted for boys, the girls would gather together and play something by themselves, and when they wanted to rest for a while after an unusually strenuous time, they all assembled again for guessing contests.

Then came the refreshments. One small guest had evidently not anticipated such heights of bliss, for he had brought his own with him, in a small paper bag, which he carefully deposited under a convenient tree, and to which he repaired now and again when inspired by the rapture of the occasion to indulge in a huge lemon gumdrop or a pink lollipop. But this scant store had long since been exhausted, and now, with wide-open eyes, he joined the others as they took their places upon the porch and politely acknowledged the generous helpings of cake, lemonade and fudge, graciously handed them by their happy hosts.

"Well, did you ever see anything like it for a genuine all-round good time with the real spirit?" asked one of the observers.

"No," was the answer, "I certainly never did. And as for ideas, I'm just full of them for similar times right in my own little church back home."

"How do you suppose she ever got them started?"

"Let's ask her!"

And so we did ask the leader — after it was all over.

"Oh," she laughed, working away busily as she talked, "we had stories and discussions, and the boys and girls thought they'd like to invite the Negro children to their party this year. So we found out all we could about the Negroes in this city through the Chamber of Commerce, the Employers' Agency, and Women's Union — where they worked, and what factories would employ them. Then we visited the Associated Charities and the Parent-Teacher's Association, and even called on the Negro minister in town. By that time we had really learned a whole lot, and after visiting around and taking pictures we began to get really acquainted, you see."

"Yes, the children seemed to know them all by name — that was the surprising part of it!"

"Well," she explained, "they've had plenty of time in which to see one another, so that by the time the party came off there was no need of starting in to get acquainted, because they already were, to a large extent. All we had to do was just pitch in and have a good time, just as we would with any other group of old friends."

"And you certainly succeeded in doing it!" was the admiring comment.

"Couldn't help it," she replied. "We always do. It's a great deal easier to than not!"

But certainly to say that "a good time was enjoyed by all" would, irrespective of the triteness of the phrase, be putting it all too mildly. And you never can tell but what that is just what would happen with your juniors and a group of children of some other race, right in your own community — that is, if you are interested in having them grow up with concrete ideas about world brotherhood.

Questions for Discussion

1. What do you think the teacher of this little school had as her objective or objectives?

2. What situations would have been the reason for setting up such objectives?

3. On which of the following would you judge she was relying most to accomplish them?

Bible stories
Investigation and study
" Handwork "
Memorization and drill
" Purposeful activities "

4. If no Bible stories or verses were used, could this teaching be called religious education? Give reasons for your answer.

5. Of what use would be the posters mentioned in the first of the article?

6. What alien groups are there in your community with which friendly relations could be established through your church-school classes?

7. What agencies are there in your town through which children could get information about them?

8. If your classes meet only on Sundays, how could these agencies be made to serve you?

9. What is your definition of world brotherhood, from a junior's point of view?

A THANKSGIVING SERVICE

Based on the Hebrew Feast of the Ingathering

EDNA L. ACHESON

One never knows when it will happen — this finding of ideas for church-school activities. And one never seems quite deliberate enough about plans for finished plays, pageants, or church-school entertainments. For some reason it's hard to have the Thanksgiving service of worship, the Christmas play, or the Easter pageant grow out of the regular class work. No matter how far ahead preparations begin, one always wishes that they had begun earlier. Maybe you will profit by our experience as we profited by the experience of our friends who gave us the idea. And maybe you will feel it's all right for Thanksgiving to come in November. We thought we began in plenty of time — the first of October — but we found so many "leads" that we wished Thanksgiving were in January! But it all came about in this way.

A Suggestion from Friends

It was June and some of us went to an exhibit which the Union School of Religion of New York City was holding. We found a description of a Thanksgiving service of worship based on the Hebrew Feast of the Ingathering.

"Hum!" said our director of the elementary school, "this sounds interesting. Wonder what it's all about?"

Just then she discovered a pile of mimeographed orders of service with a "Take one" sign above.

"What a cooperative thing to do!" she exclaimed. "I

never knew a school before that planned it so that suggestive documentary evidence of things-to-do could be carried away. Let's take a copy. Maybe we can use it."

Class Work That Led to a Thanksgiving Service

By the time fall came, we were deep in our plans for new curricula, and the Hebrew Feast of the Ingathering came near being forgotten. It was decided that the first and second grades and the seventh and eighth grades should study something of the life of the Hebrew people.[1] Some of the seventh- and eighth-grade classes were charting how the conditions under which the early Hebrews lived affected their ideas of God, of religion, and of relations between man and man. Now and then they compared the early Hebrew ideas with those of today. Frequently they indicated the whole sweep of developments in history.

A Visit to a Jewish Synagogue

Some one told one of the boys in an eighth-grade class that there were many things in an orthodox Jewish synagogue which would suggest the early Hebrew life. He told the members of his class and they decided to visit a synagogue and, being possessed of initiative, invited all the other seventh- and eighth-grade classes to go with them.

Lectures That Sum Up Work

In order to let the other classes know of the opportunity, each boy prepared a five-minute lecture on the reason he thought the visit would be of value and what the class hoped

[1] Text used in seventh and eighth grades: Hunting, *Hebrew Life and Times;* text used (with many modifications to give a liberal point of view), in first and second grades: Lobingier, *Stories of Shepherd Life; Hebrew Home Life.*

to learn. Then the boys went from class to class telling of the proposed visit. As their teacher said, the summary necessitated by the lecture made a better review of the fall's work than her true-false examination or her written quiz.

"I think it has to do with their feeling of responsibility because the idea is theirs," she said.

"I'm sure of it," replied the director of the elementary school. "Furthermore, they're doing something and it's something that relates to life today."

Changing Customs

The first appreciation of the difference between times and people and their customs in worship came when the director discovered that none of the boys who were going on the trip wore caps.

"Why," she exclaimed, "I'm afraid you won't get in. Men and boys in an orthodox Jewish church wear hats."

"Wear hats? Why?"

"It's just as much a custom as for our men and boys not to wear hats, so you can see how ways of doing change. Maybe you'll find a better way for our worship some day."

Preparing for Worship in a Strange Church

Fun, such as seventh- and eighth-grade boys and girls always have, led to some slighting remarks, jokes and suggestive gestures about the Jewish people. Hence before entering the synagogue the leader assembled the group at the door.

"You'll find many things strange in their service," she said, "and strange things sometimes amuse us. Remember that these people are seeking God just as people all over the world are seeking God. We are guests at their service and will want to conduct ourselves as guests should."

This proved a timely warning, for one of the girls confessed later, " If you hadn't said what you did, we'd have laughed when we saw the boys coming in with those skull-caps on their heads."

A Review Through an Excursion

Many things inside the synagogue suggested the stories of Hebrew life as found in the Bible. As the children questioned the rabbi at the close of the service these stories were recalled. A question about the ceremonial in connection with the opening of the ark led to the story of the ark and its meaning and use in the life of the early Hebrews. The ten commandments above the ark led to a review of the history that necessitated a formulation of such laws, and of their relation to the needs of nomadic tribes. The perpetual light above the ark brought stories of how lights have always been used in religious ceremonials.

" Many, many stories have come down to us about use of lights, and many churches like the Catholic and the high church Episcopal still use candles in their service," commented the leader.

A Casual Inquiry

The group was shown the church plant. A splendid gymnasium suggested such fun to the boys and girls that one exclaimed, " Inside the church house their things suggest long ago. But here it's like any up-to-date church."

" Things are always changing, even churches," laughed the leader.

In the gymnasium two booths were erected, made from the boughs of trees, decorated with strings of cranberries, beans and grapes and made festive with squashes and other vegetables.

"We made this in honor of our Festival of the Booths or Ingathering," the host explained.

"Oh," said the leader, "that was a sort of Thanksgiving celebration, wasn't it? We must look that up when we get home." And the documentary evidence was brought to mind!

A Teachers' Meeting

Every other week the director of the elementary school met with the seventh- and eighth-grade teachers to help them pool their experiences in order that their classes might benefit. At their next meeting they discussed the values of the trip to the synagogue, and the director suggested that the classes might help in a bit of research about a primitive people's Thanksgiving. She had had typed for each teacher the following information.

Feast of the Booths, Ingathering, Succoth or Tabernacles

How the feast arose. Your classes have had the story of how nomadic tribes left Ur of the Chaldees and wandered to Palestine. There they were not successful in conquering the country but led the unsettled life of a people seeking for a home. Famine drove them to Egypt. Tyranny drove them out. They wandered for some time, finally conquering by slow degrees the "land of Canaan." There they began to change from nomadic tribes to tribes with a permanent home. They learned to be farmers. Existence was a little less precarious. It was found that crops were more sure, provided weather permitted. Under such circumstances these people sought for a way of showing their thankfulness, and decided to have a Festival of the Ingathering. (Call to mind the way our own Thanksgiving arose.)

Where to find descriptions. Bible: Leviticus 23:39–44; Nehemiah 8, 9 (see concordance); Jewish Encyclopedia (see Booths, Tabernacles, Succoth); Dictionary of the Bible;

Rosenan, *Jewish Ceremonials and Customs,* "Your Jewish Friends."

What the ceremonials included.

Approach to the temple. (See Bewer, *Literature of the Old Testament,* page 342 *ff,* for antiphonal use of the Psalms in temple worship.)

Carrying of lulab and esrog. (See description in Leviticus 23:10–12.)

Carrying of offerings.

Libation of water, symbolizing tbe earth's fertility.

Erection of booths.

How our classes might plan a Thanksgiving service. Suggest to the classes that they might plan a service showing the experiences out of which some of the Old Testament expressions of Thanksgiving arose. If your class desires to do so have it choose one representative to serve on a committee to plan the details of the service. This committee will meet Sunday afternoon at four o'clock.

The Children Offer to Help

Both teachers and classes were eager to undertake the activity. The class representatives met. Discussion at this first general committee meeting led them to plan to send a committee to Mrs. N., who "knew so much about the Bible," and ask her to suggest the Old Testament passages that might have been used at this Hebrew Thanksgiving feast. Another group was to visit Dr. W., an elder in the church, who had made a special study of the Hebrew people. It was suggested that the offering of fruits should be given to people who were in need. Another committee was to be appointed to plan the details of that. Still other committees were to arrange for the properties and costumes for the play and to see about music. A second general committee meeting was to be held later.

A Committee Meeting

Such an adult-child enterprise as the general committee planned gave rich promise. And the promise was realized. The group that visited Mrs. N. brought back the following suggestions:

"We've several passages that could be used. Let's take them to the classes and let them decide which ones they think would be best for our service."

"Good," said the director. "They can talk over which one best expresses the Thanksgiving idea for today."

"This is the way they used the Psalms," one committee member continued. Here she gave a brief review of Dr. Bewer's treatment of the Psalms.

"Let's write the man who wrote this book (pointing to her Bewer) a letter and tell him how much it's helped us," said another.

"Every one copy these chapters so you can take them to your class," continued the one reporting, and she wrote on the board:

Scripture that might be used

Ceremonial approach to temple — Psalms 100; 118; 24.

Presentation of offering — Psalms 67:4–6; 66:13–15.

Palm branch ceremonial — Isaiah 45:22; Micah 5:4; Psalm 117:1b; Zechariah 9:10; I Samuel 7:6.

Ceremonial of water — Isaiah 12:3–4.

Prayer — Isaiah 12:5; Psalm 65:9–13.

Benediction — Isaiah 55:12; Nehemiah 8:6–10; I Kings 8:57–61.

Some Jewish Traditions

The group that visited Dr. W. were enthusiastic in their report:

"Some of his Jewish friends are going to help us hunt for information. They carry lulabs and esrogs. Lulabs are made of palm branches which stand for religion. They're

bound with weeping willow, because the Jews have had such a hard time, and with myrtle, because they always hope for better times. When they carry the lulab, they march around their altar seven times. They hit the altar with the branches. When they do that they actually believe that God is there with them."

"We like to think God is with us, too, when we pray," said the director of elementary education. "They point north, south, east and west to remind them that God is everywhere. The esrog is citron. Here's a picture," showing the picture in Rosenan.

"I had luncheon with a Jewish rabbi this week," said the director. "I asked him about the Feast and he said he'd send us some lulabs to carry. Won't that be lovely to carry the branches that some Jewish friends have already used?"

Every one laughed.

"It does seem odd to us," said the leader. "But some of the things we do in religion will seem odd five hundred years from now. Some people in churches then may say, 'Just think. People used to believe that one who went to church and read the Bible was a Christian!'"

Here Bradford spoke up, "They won't have churches five hundred years from now."

"What do you mean, Bradford?"

"Well, in the time of the Pilgrims every one went to church. Now there aren't so many go to church. Maybe the church will just die."

"Churches change, Bradford. And maybe it will be your job to help decide on what will be a good way to change the present church."

The committee report continued:

"Dr. W. said that water belonged to the feast of the Pentecost. They poured it ten times for the ten plagues. But it's in their houses and the father washes his hands first. Children now carry candles and apples on sticks in

the ingathering feast. Their palms are all brought over from Palestine."

"This feast is celebrated in a different way from what it once was," said the director. "The Jewish rabbi told me."

"They build the booths to remind them of how they had to live in booths when they were coming back from Egypt," continued the committee member.

"They can't make them under a roof. Dr. W. said that one Jewish family couldn't find a place in which to build a booth in their apartment house, so finally they got permission to make it in the court and they ate all their meals out there; that this year his people brought bundles of clothing to make the booths. He said that they were to be given to people in need. That's even a lovelier way of making people feel that God is present — working with him to make others more comfortable."

Offering for "Those for Whom Nothing Is Prepared"

The offering committee suggested vegetables and fruits "that'll look nice as we carry them and be good to eat. Let each class fix a basket or a tray and have a representative carry it. Here's a list of things we think'll be good — carrots, cabbage (red and white), cauliflower, grapes, figs, dates, oranges, yellow squash, beets, apples, canned goods. We've talked to our deaconess and she's given us the names of some people who need help. We'll pack baskets after our service."

Music of Long Ago

"Just think! our organist plays in a Jewish synagogue," began the music committee excitedly. "He told us that they used a sophar — that's a ram's horn. He can imitate it with the trumpet notes on our organ. He'll bring some of the old music they've used."

"Traditional music, they call it," added the director.

A Report from the Minister

When the minister learned of all the plans he was interested.

"Shouldn't you like to give your pageant at the church service?" he asked. "The whole church school might worship with us on the Sunday before Thanksgiving."

"All of us would have to decide," said one.

So it was agreed to have a short assembly period the following Sunday to discuss advantages or any disadvantages of planning the pageant as a part of the morning service. The minister of religious education, as well as the director of the elementary school, was invited to meet with the group. Report was made by the general committee and the invitation of the minister given.

"We'd have to do it awfully good."

"Yes, we'd want it to be a part of a church service."

"Many mothers and fathers like to have the children worship with them," said the minister of religious education. "The Jewish people whose customs you are studying emphasize that. It seems to me that this Thanksgiving time is a time when we might all worship together."

So it was decided, and a small group met with the director of the elementary school, the minister of religious education and the minister to plan every detail of the service.

Advance Notice

"Every detail" included writing notices for the church paper, advance notices in the church calendar, and information for the various departments of the school so that worship would be intelligent. The departmental superintendents were called in, the story of the feast told them, and two departmental services of worship planned. Three notices brought the service to the attention of the congregation. The first was an article in the church magazine.

Our Church School Learns from the Jews How to Celebrate Thanksgiving

Special holidays often mean a church-school celebration. And rightly so, for the great holidays, like Thanksgiving, Christmas and Easter, have religious significance. Church schools are often interested in "putting on a play," or in presenting some finished production, perhaps unrelated to the regular classroom work, to a group of admiring parents and friends. This sort of activity has real value, but it has less value educationally than when such activity is a summary which arises out of the experiences which a group of boys and girls gain through their class study. Such a summary the elementary church school plans to share with its friends at Thanksgiving time.

Four classes — the first and second grades in the primary department and the seventh and eighth grades in the junior department — are studying the Hebrew life and times. In order to connect the present with the past and see how the past is influencing the present, the upper grades worshiped, one Friday evening, with the Jewish people in their synagogue in Newark. There they saw the ark in which the scrolls with the Pentateuch are kept and they, through teachers' suggestions, linked this up with the stories of the Hebrew life and times.

They saw, too, the booths, with their offerings of fruits and vegetables, erected in honor of the Hebrew Feast of the Ingathering. Their hosts explained some of the customs in connection with this feast, and their class teachers continued the explanation.

All this explanation resulted in the discovery of how the feast arose, and the groups were amazed to find that its beginnings were much like those of our own Thanksgiving festival. A people, the Children of Israel, wearied with their search for a home, worn after a sojourn in Egypt and their wanderings in the wilderness, found their agricultural life in Canaan a blessing. Their existence was less precarious. Their crops were more regular, and wasn't it natural for them to set aside a season in which to thank God for their crops and harvests?

Their study led the classes, too, to stories in connection with the temble worship; to a study of what was done, in this early

Thanksgiving celebration, and to a search for the expressions in the Psalms and Isaiah of the Thanksgiving spirit. The results of this study they will use in a service of worship in the church auditorium on Sunday morning, November 20, at eleven, and they hope that their friends will worship with them.

They are planning a presentation of the historic Jewish Festival of the Ingathering, with appropriate music, costuming and setting, and approximating the ritual used by the high priests and the worshipers in ancient times. This should prove of very real interest, both to the members of the church school and to all who wish to see the sort of educational religious work the school aims to do. Every one will be heartily welcome to share in this service.

The second was a notice which was printed in the church calendar the week before the Sunday on which the service was held.

Next Sunday

Our Thanksgiving Sunday service will be unique this year in the fact that a considerable part of the service is an outgrowth of the work in the church school, which the children are sharing with our adult congregation. Their contribution is a worship service suggested by the old Jewish Feast of the Ingathering and is constructed out of Biblical material which is the natural outgrowth of centuries of religious experience. It is still most effective in inspiring and expressing the attitudes characteristic of the Thanksgiving season — dependence, gratitude and a desire to praise and share. Although in the form of a pageant, this presentation is not a spectacle to be admired, a demonstration of church-school work to be appraised, but primarily a form of worship in which we are all invited to share. We believe that it will be a real religious experience for all, young and old, and we ask your active cooperation.

The third was the printed order of service for the morning worship, which ended with the following explanatory special notice:

Special Notice

The Hebrew Feast of the Ingathering, as presented this morning, was planned by members of the elementary church school. It is an outgrowth of their study of the Hebrew life and times. Tradition varies as to how this feast was celebrated. This presentation is in no sense an endeavor to be absolutely accurate. It shows ceremonials supposed to have been used. Some of the palm branches carried in the palm ceremonial were sent us by our Jewish friends, and had been used in their celebration of this same feast. Our offerings of the fruits are to be sent " unto him for whom nothing is prepared."

Subject Matter Gained

Values from such an activity as this one described are evident. In the first place, the classes who gave the play (there were sixty children in the four classes) had a real motive for intensive work on Biblical material and it was closely related to their regular class activity as well as their everyday school and home life. Self-initiated and self-directed, they summed up much of the Hebrew life and times. In their summary they discovered how much the history of our own Thanksgiving parallels that of the Hebrews.

Then, too, the children memorized many of the most beautiful passages of the Old Testament. They memorized these easily, for they had first evaluated the material suggested by their committee, to see which best expressed the Thanksgiving spirit, and so were familiar with it. Then they were acting out the experiences which might have led to such expressions. They saw with their eyes what lay behind that which they were learning.

Appreciating the Contribution of the Jewish Race

During the visit to the synagogue, the children gained increased respect for the Jewish people. " They're more

like the Bible than we are, aren't they? " was asked. Though the reply was worded so that the need of change to insure progress was evident, there was a suggestion that the Jewish people loved the Old Testament stories just as many Christion people do. The friendly act of the sending of the lulab and esrog, the visit of a Jewish student who had helped in the research, and the use of a hymn book sent by a Jewish church school led the children to associate the spirit of helpfulness with some of the Jewish people, and if followed up carefully gave promise ultimately of breaking down prejudice all too evident now and then.

Understanding the Worship

The conferences with the pastor of the church and the minister of religious education resulted in more understanding of what the church services include. Just before the children went down to the service one said, " You say we want to do it reverently. What do you mean? "

The leader answered, " People who come to church like to be reminded that God cares and that he has always cared, and that people like the Hebrew people long ago and like our Pilgrim fathers have been searching for God and saying that he cares. Our service will suggest that. Some of the older people in the church learned Psalm One Hundred when they were boys and girls. Their fathers and mothers helped them just as you've said your fathers and mothers helped you. If you say what you have to say so that they see you know what it means, and appreciate how beautiful it is, it will make them think of their homes and their fathers and mothers. Some of them will even want to go out and do the best things their fathers and mothers wanted them to. When we say we want to do it reverently we mean just that — we want to do it so that other people will love it as we love it, and so it will suggest to them the very best in them."

That the children did accomplish this for part of the worshipers at least is shown by two letters sent to the directors:

"I cannot let another day go without letting you know how much both Mrs. W. and I enjoyed your Jewish Thanksgiving service.

"It was beautifully presented and the children went through the service as though they were all used to it.

"Not one who was present, young or old, but will carry that thought into their lives and in future years the young ones will instill that Thanksgiving into the minds of their pupils."

"Ever since the Thanksgiving festival I've been wanting to tell you how glad we all were that it turned out so very beautifully. It was a real inspiration I felt. In fact as that slowly moving line of children in their effective gowns came down the aisles to the accompaniment of that lovely music I was deeply affected, and R. said it took hold of him in the same way.

"The work in connection with it too was particularly helpful to some girls in my class."

A Real Exchange of Friendship Between Church and School

Some of the church-school teachers who were also public-school teachers were much impressed with the parallel between the Hebrew Thanksgiving and that of the Pilgrims. In their social science studies one group was studying Hebrew stories. Teachers from that class consulted the director of elementary work of the church school for material to use in a Thanksgiving festival. The result of the church-school group's research was handed over, the lulabs, esrogs and palm branches lent, and a school group, through the help of a church-school group, summed up the Hebrew festival and gave it as a part of a pageant which showed the history of Thanksgiving customs of all peoples.

But the public school wasn't to be outdone in the matter of cooperation. The head of the social science department sent his copy of Bradford's *History of Plymouth Plantation*

for reference and suggested materials to show the background of American history to be used in the church-school pageant.

Food Sent to Friends in Need

The offerings were planned for those in need. A committee of children visited the Welfare Federation and learned something of the process of cooperative giving and of the need of doing more than mere giving. After the offerings had been blessed in their service they sorted and packed the fruits and vegetables, arranging them according to the needs of their families — certainly a start in that cooperative working with God which is so expressive of the spirit of love.

A Worship Experience for Adults and Children

Without doubt, however, the greatest value came from the fact that the adults and children seemed to worship together. From a common experience due both to the fact that we have a Thanksgiving Day, and that there was careful preparation so that an ancient Thanksgiving was understood, children and adults seemed moved by the beauty of the expressions of Thanksgiving voiced so long ago. The pastor in his sermon skillfully wove the past with the present and sent people forth ready to —

> " Go out with joy
> And be led forth with peace."

THE PAGEANT OF THE FEAST OF THE INGATHERING

(*The three Thanksgiving proclamations may be read by a seventh- or eighth-grade boy or by the minister.*)

The First Thanksgiving Celebration

(Plymouth, Dec. 11, 1621)

Our corn did prove well; and, God be praised, we had a good increase of Indian corn. Our harvest being gotten in, our Governor sent four men on fowling, that so we might, after a special manner, rejoice together after we had gathered the fruit of our labors. Many of the Indians came amongst us, and among the rest their greatest king, Massasoit, with some ninety men whom for three days we entertained and feasted.

— *Edward Winslow.*

The First Thanksgiving Proclamation

It is ordered that ye 11th day of June throughout this jurisdiction shall be sett apart for a day of Thanksgiving to Almighty God for His great and victorious mercyes to our dear native countrye for ye comfortable and seasonable supplying us with moderate showers and His mercy in withdrawing His afflicting hand from us.

President's Thanksgiving Proclamation

An Early Hebrew Proclamation

And they found written in the law, how that Jehovah had commanded by Moses, that the children of Israel should dwell in booths, . . . and that they should publish and proclaim in all their cities, . . . saying, " Go forth unto the

mount, and fetch olive branches, and branches of wild olive, and myrtle branches, and palm branches, and branches of thick trees, to make booths. . . . So the people went forth, and brought them, and made themselves booths, every one upon the roof of his house, and in their courts, and in the courts of the house of God, and in the broad place of the water gate, and in the broad place of the gate of Ephraim. And all . . . dwelt in the booths. . . .

And Nehemiah, who was the governor, and Ezra the priest the scribe, and the Levites that taught the people, said unto all the people, " Go your way, eat the fat, and drink the sweet, and send portions unto him for whom nothing is prepared; . . . for the joy of Jehovah is your strength. . . . And all the people went their way to eat, and to drink, and to send portions, and to make great mirth, because they had understood the words that were declared unto them. — *Nehemiah 8.*

Arrangement of the Processional

At the close of the reading the organ began to play a traditional Hebrew melody. All of the children who were taking part in the pageant except the priest, the two gatekeepers, and the boy who carried the water jugs were seated — half on one side of the church and half on the other, in the pews at the back. At the sound of the music they started their procession around the sides of the church. At the head of the two lines were ten worshipers — five on either side. A tall eighth-grade boy with a first-grade boy were the leaders on one side, and a tall eighth-grade girl with a first-grade girl the leaders on the other. The worshipers were dressed in costumes suggestive of the early Hebrew times. Two tables had been arranged at the back of the church, and on these their offerings had been placed — a squash, a red and a green cabbage, a large bunch of grapes suspended from a stick, bowls and baskets of picturesque

fruits, boxes suggesting rich spices, jugs and pots of oil. As the worshipers and people passed the tables they left their offerings.

Following the worshipers were six girls who were to take part in the palm ceremonial. They were dressed in white robes with white headdresses, and carried long, green palm branches. The leaders carried the lulab and the esrog, sent by their Jewish friends. Behind these came the "people," clothed as people in early Hebrew times were clothed, and carrying apples on sticks. A total of thirty children took part.

Call to Worship

As soon as the processional was arranged the organist played the shofar — call to worship, imitative of the ram's horn.

Approach of Worshipers Toward the Temple

At that signal the procession started down the aisles toward the altar, reciting with a slow rhythm.

WORSHIPERS:

Make a joyful noise unto Jehovah, all ye lands.
Serve Jehovah with gladness:
Come before his presence with singing.
Know ye that Jehovah, he is God:
It is he that hath made us, and we are his;
We are his people, and the sheep of his pasture.

Immediately a piano chord was given and the primary department, who were seated in the front of the church, rose and sang this Psalm. Now the pulpit had been removed from the platform. An umbrella stand had been covered with brown paper made of beaten wood pulp and suggestive of rock. (It came from some one's attic.) On it had been placed two brass candlesticks with candles. On either side of the platform were seven candles, each in a seven-branch

candlestick made by fastening a piece of wood with seven holes bored in it, and covered with passe-partout, on a reading lamp.

Entrance of Priests (Inside Temple)

During the singing by the primary department the priest and the two gatekeepers entered. They had been seated in the front row, the priest and one gatekeeper on one side, and the other gatekeeper on the opposite side. They lighted the candles, the priest lighting the two on the altar. (To light the candles, each boy had lighted a wax taper before he left his seat.) As he did so he said:

PRIEST:

Thy word is a lamp unto my feet
And a light unto my path.

—*Psalm 119:105.*

Worshipers Appeal to Priest (Outside Temple Gates)

The procession had stood still during this ceremonial but now it continued its march, reciting as it did so.

ALL:

The earth is Jehovah's, and the fullness thereof;
The world, and they that dwell therein.
For he hath founded it upon the seas,
And established it upon the floods.

ONE OF THE PEOPLE:

Who shall ascend into the hill of Jehovah?
And who shall stand in his holy place?

PRIEST:

He that hath clean hands, and a pure heart;
Who hath not lifted up his soul unto falsehood,

And hath not sworn deceitfully.
He shall receive a blessing from Jehovah.

ALL:

Lift up your heads, O ye gates;
And be ye lifted up, ye everlasting doors;
And the King of glory will come in.

GATEKEEPER:

Who is the King of glory?

ALL:

Jehovah, strong and mighty,
Jehovah, mighty in battle.

ONE OF THE PEOPLE:

Lift up your heads, O ye gates;
Yea, lift them up, ye everlasting doors;
And the King of glory will come in.

GATEKEEPER:

Who is this King of glory?

ALL:

Jehovah of hosts,
He is the King of glory.

— *Psalm 24.*

ONE OF THE PEOPLE:

Open to me the gates of righteousness;
I will enter into them,
I will give thanks unto Jehovah.

PRIEST:

This is the gate of Jehovah;
The righteous shall enter into it.

Worshipers Enter Temple

(By this time the procession had reached the front of the church and were ready " to enter the gates of righteousness." The leaders of the two lines went to the platform; the rest of the worshipers stood in front of tables which had been placed in front of the platform. The palm branch girls were back of them and last of all the people. As they took their places they continued in their slow chant.)

ONE OF THE PEOPLE:

I will give thanks unto thee; for thou hast answered me,
And art become my salvation.
The stone which the builders rejected
Is become the head of the corner.

PEOPLE:

This is Jehovah's doing;
It is marvelous in our eyes.
This is the day which Jehovah hath made;
We will rejoice and be glad in it.
Save now, we beseech thee, O Jehovah:
O Jehovah, we beseech thee, send now prosperity.

PRIEST:

Blessed be he that entereth in the name of Jehovah:
We have blessed you out of the house of Jehovah.

WORSHIPER ON PLATFORM:

Thou art my God, and I will give thanks unto thee:
Thou art my God, I will exalt thee.

(As the worshiper repeated these words, the small boy and girl on the platform presented their gifts, kneeling as they did so.)

ALL:

Oh, give thanks unto Jehovah; for he is good;
For his lovingkindness endureth for ever.

—*Psalm 118.*

Presentation of Offerings

(The small children then seated themselves on either side on the edge of the platform as the older children on the platform and the worshipers at the table presented their gifts. Little children on the platform then presented gifts.)

PRIEST:

Oh let the nations be glad and sing for joy;
The earth hath yielded its increase:
God, even our own God, will bless us.

—*Psalm 67:4, 6.*

Dedication of Offerings

(Immediately all except priest knelt. Priest extended hands in supplication and prayed.)

PRIEST'S PRAYER:

Thou visitest the earth, and waterest it,
Thou greatly enrichest it;
The river of God is full of water;
Thou providest them grain, when thou hast so prepared the earth.
Thou waterest its furrows abundantly;
Thou settlest the ridges thereof:
Thou makest it soft with showers;
Thou crownest the year with thy goodness;
And thy paths drop fatness.
They drop upon the pastures of the wilderness;
And the hills are girded with joy.

The pastures are clothed with flocks;
The valleys also are covered over with grain;
They shout for joy, they also sing. — *Psalm 65:9–13.*

ALL:

Sing unto Jehovah, for he hath done excellent things;
Let this be known in all the earth.

Palm Ceremonial

(Organist played traditional music. As he began, gatekeeper on right stepped forward, and priest handed him the two lighted candles. He carried them off stage and out a side door. Meantime the palm branch girls started to platform, taking care not to get near lighted candles. They moved around altar carrying branches high. Priest had stepped to one side. At signal from the leader they slowly lowered branches, keeping them close together. Music continued until branches touched altar when girls spoke.)

PALM DANCERS:

Thou art my God, and I will exalt thee,
Thou art my God, I will give thanks unto thee.

(Music began again and girls took their places, two at back, one at each of four sides of platform. Each one pointed, making one point north, another south, one east, and the other west. Girls in front had the palm branches and the lulabs. Music ceased for a short time.)

PRIEST:

O praise Jehovah, all ye nations;
Laud him, all ye peoples. — *Psalm 117:1.*

And he shall speak peace unto the nations: and his dominion shall be from sea to sea, and from the River to the ends of the earth.

— *Zech. 9:10b.*

Water Ceremonial

(Music began again. All held positions while water boy with jug entered right. He handed jug to priest, who when he received it, went through the motion of pouring water. Music ceased.)

PRIEST (*as he received basin*):

Therefore with joy shall ye draw water out of the wells of salvation.

PRIEST (*pouring water*):

Give thanks unto Jehovah, call upon his name,
Declare his doings among the peoples;
Make mention that his name is exalted.

(At this all turned and assumed attitude of reverence.)

ALL:

Sing unto Jehovah, for he hath done excellent things.
Let this be known in all the earth.

(Holding attitude priest pronounced a benediction.)

PRIEST:

For ye shall go out with joy,
And be led forth with peace;
The mountains and the hills shall break forth before you into singing;
And all the trees of the field shall clap their hands.
Instead of the thorn shall come up the fir tree;
And instead of the brier shall come up the myrtle tree;
And it shall be to Jehovah for a name,
For an everlasting sign that shall not be cut off.

Worshipers Leave Temple

Organ Music

All reverently took their seats in congregation, priest extending arms straight out to side.

(Four adults, two on either side, were stationed where children passed, and they quietly piled the palm branches and the apples on sticks in piles. The music went from the traditional Hebrew melody into "Come, Ye Thankful People, Come," and the worship continued.)

Bibliography

Blach or Adler's translation of Jewish Prayer Book

Prof. Moore: *Judaism,* two volumes

Edersheim: *Life and Times of Jesus*

Walsh: *Curiosities of Popular Customs*

Cohon, Irma: *An Introduction to Jewish Music.* (Bloch Publishing Company, New York)

Union Hymnal for Jewish Worship — Central Conference of Jewish Rabbis

Isaacs and Schecter: *Hebrew Hymnal for Home and School.* (Bloch Publishing Company, New York)

Questions for Discussion

1. Is your group on friendly enough terms with their Jewish neighbors to make possible a visit to a synagogue in your own or a neighboring town?

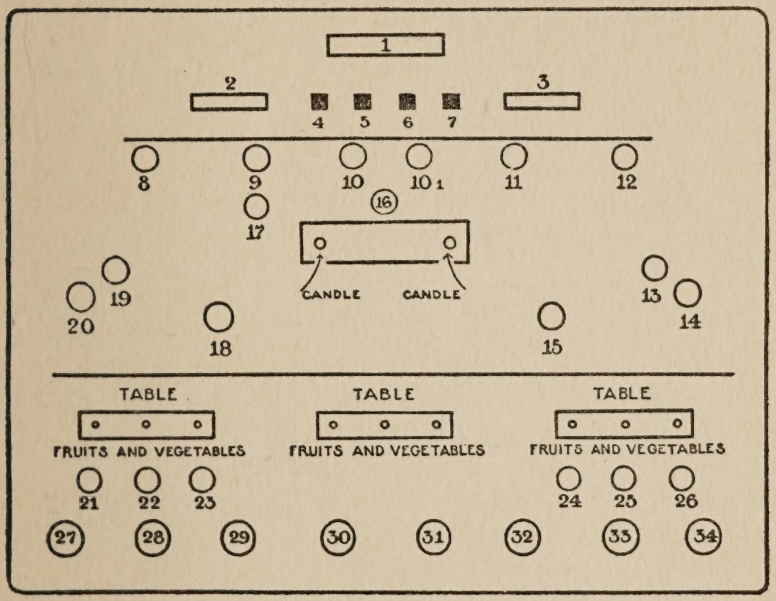
2. Go through the article and list the outcomes in attitudes, appreciations and knowledge which this experience made possible.

3. What values in Old Testament study are apparent in the project?

4. What people in your community are available as sources of the type of helpful information given by Mrs. N.?

5. How could you approach such an enterprise with your boys and girls?

Diagram Showing Position of Worshippers and of Properties



1. Organ.
2, 3. Seven Branch Candlesticks.
4, 5, 6, 7. Quartet.
8, 10, 10_1, 12. Palm Branch Girls.
9, 11. Gatekeepers.
13, 14. Older and Younger Boy Worshipers, Seated.
15. Lulab Palm Branch Girl.
16. Priest.
17. Water Boy.
18. Lulab Palm Branch Girl.
19, 20. Older and Younger Girls.
21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26. Worshipers.
27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34. People.

Date Due

RESERVE	RESERVE		
0 23 '41	(Harner)		
	Teaching		
Mr 12 '45	Chris.		
0 8 '45	JA 2-'52		
Mr 19 '4	FACULTY		
F 4 '47	FACULTY		
FACULTY	OC 8-'54		
D 26 '47			
RESERVE			
Reference Library			
(Cr)C			
Overnight			
Overnight			
Overnight			
MY 11 '49			
JE 7-'49			

Danielson + Perkins—
Teaching Without Textbooks

J - Teaching

Princeton Theological Seminary-Speer Library
1 1012 01040 5829